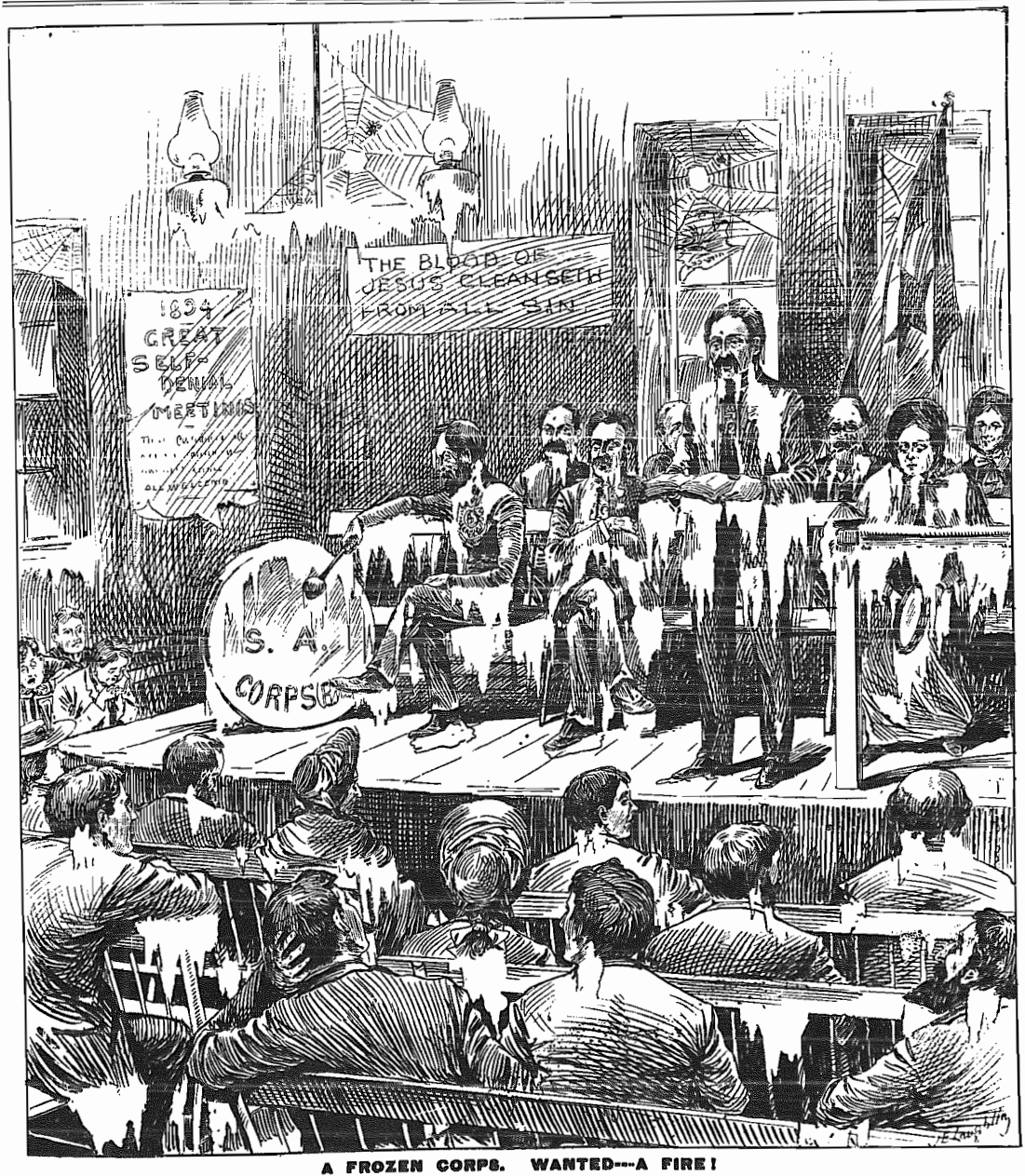
Have You Got the Fire? THE Are You Engaged in the SIEGE?

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

VOL. II. No. 42. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1897 [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



A FROZEN CORPS. WANTED---A FIRE!

A SIEGE SERMON

By BRIGADIER COX.

Editor-in-Chief of Salvation Army Publications in U.S.A.

on

"FURLOUGHS."

How to Spend Them, and Hints on How to Become a Successful Fisherman.

A FURLOUGH, like everything else, has its particular function. Perish the thought that with the temporary laying aside of regular duties the responsibility for the souls of our fellow creatures may likewise be laid aside. A Salvationist, considering the sacred nature of his office, is never off duty, whether on the platform, in the meeting, behind a desk at Headquarters, or sojourning among the sylvan glades at a Home of Rest—in uniform or citizen's attire. There are always heart-hungry men and women to be met with, and it would be a sorry thing to imagine such spiritual starvation must go on unrelieved because an Officer is "on rest, you know." This need not at all interfere with a due allowance of real and necessary rest to the tired-out comrade, and far be it from me to lay down a law to the effect that the same amount of hard work should be engaged in when on furlough as when at the forefront of the battle. No such thing is intended; a combination of the two works well and does away with all danger of the officer's spiritual machinery becoming rusty and out of working-order.

The furlough also has another use; as a time for spiritual "stock-taking" and general sizing up it is on a level with the last day of the old year and kindred periods of opportunity. As one looks over the varied details, large and small, that go to make up an Officer's existence, he finds each one has its use, each one its place. And among them the period of furlough certainly has its place.

To an Army Officer the question of just what to do while on furlough may still be said to be a vexed one. Forbidden by his superior officers for his own sake, to attend meetings, to make calls or to receive visitors, and denied by his spouse (have he one) all literary work or anything like close application to study, apart from the exceptional advantages offered for spiritual improvement (which should be, and I believe are, made the most of as a rule), the diversions of boating, bathing, walking and driving are acceptable. To these may be added the exciting occupation of fishing, which I will endeavor to "spiritualize," and take as a text for the scribbling of a little homily.

Somebody—I don't remember who—put a marvelous amount of truth in a very small compass when he defined the "noble and manly sport" of fishing as "A few yards of line, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." This is the thing in a nutshell, or would it not be more apropos to say, in a bait-box or fish-basket? The truth of this philosophic statement more than ever forced itself upon me when one day, at the pretty little village where, by God's goodness and my leader's favor, I was permitted a brief sojourn during the summer months, I was in the act of (un) scientifically tossing the line into the peaceful waters of the bay, when I felt a sharp twinge of pain in the neighborhood of my right thumb, and although the line went overboard all right, it was minus a hook which had firmly imbedded itself in the fleshy part of the thumb, and refused to come out until the tissue had been severed with a penknife almost to the bone.

This was one of the little incidents that made it easy to prevent my affections from becoming set on "things of the earth."

But this is only a side remark, albeit a painful one, and it is high time that if a sermon has to be preached, I got to my "firstly." Well, here it is:

1. Bait.

HERE THE ANALOGY HAS ITS INCEPTION. Bait! Be sure and get some if you go fishing. 1st, because only children and fools fish without it. 2nd, because if you do not, unless a sympathetically inclined fish condescends to patronize you, out of sheer charity, it is doubtful if you capture anything more valuable—ahem! than a thumb. Now a word or two to the fishers of men.

(a) GET THE RIGHT KIND OF BAIT, my brother! Lots of souls are floundering around in the muddy waters of vice and licentiousness, and many others in the shallow stream of world-worship, who, once hungry for better things, got near enough the bait held out to them to become disgusted and disappointed with the same, the consequence being they turned away, preferring hunger or to satiating their appetite on unclean things. Do not let us lose sight of the fact that no more than a mackerel can be caught with a house-roach, can a hungry soul be attracted by a dismal form of service with lugubrious, long metre singing, formal prayers, wheezy music, and sanctimonious exhortation.

It is really no small stigma upon the "Christian" world that for so many years the word "religion" was a synonym of long-facedness and strait-laceism! To this very fact, it is my set belief, is due a great deal of fin de siecle infidelity. Viewed from this ground, the introduction of the bass drum, of brass instruments, of banners, of the timbrel, of the bright uniform, and of a joyful jolly (if I may be permitted the use of the word without arousing accusations of lack of reverence) yet decidedly spiritual form of service by the Christian Mission Salvation Army people of the old days was nothing short of an inspiration.

(b) THE FISHER SHOULD BE provided with several kinds of bait. The weather tanned veteran who dangles his legs over the dock-side season after season will tell you that some fish will bite at a clam, others prefer a worm, while still others confine their bill of fare to a fat, juicy fly.

The soul-fisher will not be engaged in spiritual work long before he will find he has different kinds of congregations to deal with. Coming to our own work, there is the knee-drill, the Sunday morning holiness meeting, the Friday night assembly of the same character, and the Sunday afternoon testimony meeting—all these are more or less held for the uplifting of those already saved. To allow the "capture" of these "fish" for our higher life of Work and War, the hook must be baited with the greatest of care.

The bait, or spiritual pabulum, doled out in the weekly Soldiers' gathering also is, or ought to be, of a totally different variety from any other. The convert, if he is to be led into soldierhood and trained into full warriorship, will require a bait that is not only attractive, but one that has some stiffening in it. Ditto, only more so, the capable soldier, if he is needed (and he generally is) for the front ranks as an Officer. Oh, those blessed Comrades, the Field Officers, must needs be expert fishers, or sad will be the result!

Then again, "set a thief to catch a thief." Some fish bite at their own species best. There is that great and momentous institution, the Salvation meeting. Jack Sheppard, the highwayman, divested of his bulldog expression, the "Salvation look," peculiar to the redeemed, taking its place; Mary Magdalen, the outcast, with her former abandon exchanged for modesty and earnestness—these will more quickly and effectually catch with their testimonies the average unsaved frequenter of a Salvation meeting and land him at the Cross than a thousand-and-one parsonic disquisitions, or the perpetual warbling of "Oh, to be over yonder," by a carefully-trained vocalist. And so on, and so on.

(c) DIG THE BAIT YOURSELF. Then you know what kind of stuff you are fishing with. Here we detect the evil of a too long study of somebody else's methods—somebody else's elocution, perhaps—somebody else's mannerisms—somebody else's style of delivery—somebody else's sermons or theological works. I say a too long study, and say it advisedly, because I would not dare to say that an occasional use of some deep thinker's knowledge would be other than beneficial to the man or woman who, perhaps, otherwise proficient, may lack in this one point. But I can also safely say that nothing does the unregenerate individual despise more than this very thing of strained copying or forced mimicry. This kind of bait doesn't catch; it repels—drives away.

The man who buys "bait," or borrows it, or steals it, has to take what he gets, and offers the "fish" the same, whilst he who falls on his knees and with his open Bible spread before him gets his supply direct from Heaven may know he has a sure thing.

(d) HAVE THE BAIT FRESH. Be ever on the dig. Change it whenever necessary, but be sure to see that it is fresh. Put your spade deep in the soil. Get your soul freshly baptized with the unction from the skies; get your heart into vital touch with the great heart of the Eternal God; get your mind inspired with Calvary-like desperation. Get it done continually.

(e) FIX THE BAIT TO CATCH. Even the freshest and best of bait may be fixed on the hook so as to appear unpalatable and unacceptable. Attention should be given here, the bait, of course, being made as tempting as possible.

2. The Hook.

AH! HERE IS SOMETHING TO BE CONSIDERED. There is something in addition to bait required in the science of fishing. Throw the bait in the water, and it will float down stream until gobbled up by a hungry fish. Oh, yes, O angler, you must have something at the back of the bait—something sharp and something strong—something that will fasten, and something that will hold. Yes, that's it—a hook! Now you have it!

But to the spiritual angler, what is the hook? What, indeed, but stalwart faith and anxious expectation! Does faith help in the Salvation of sinners? Doesn't it, though! It is indispensable.

3. The Line.

CONVICTION IS THE LINE. It will generally be found near at hand when required, for the Spirit of God delights to answer the prayers and honor the faith of His own. It is a line stout and strong, and has never been known to break or fail. Hallelujah! Haul away!

4. Angle for Fish.

WHAT HAS DISGUSTED many would-be fishers has been the long, wearisome waits for a "bite." The bare-footed urchin, with his tree-twig and bent pin, has hauled in fish one after the other, while the city gentleman, with all the improved fishing appliances of the day, purchased at great expense, has to sit idly by. Ah, friend, don't forget that angling is an art. For instance, I caught most of my scaly fellows, after finding out where they were, at the third bite. They would nibble at first—I would give the line a little jerk; Mr. Fish, seeing his dainty morsel moving away, would go after it and give quite a hard tug. Then I would give the line a greater jerk, and the fish, seeing the bait disappear, would make a desperate dash for it, and ten chances to one, get hooked.

So we must be careful how the line is manipulated in our meetings. A Salvation Army Officer should possess much of the diplomatique. He should be a man of many sides, and be able to adapt himself and his meetings to the particular class of audience that faces him. A good plan for the ordinary salvation meeting is to commence in a lively fashion and gradually solidify or solemnize it as it progresses. The arrangement of the various stages of the meeting, such as the time when the drum is retired for the evening, the timbrels are laid by, and so on, until all hands are laboring for the Salvation of sinners in the spirit of prayer and faith, may well be termed "spiritual angling."

5. Be Careful How You Land Your Fish.

MANY A SOUL is really captured for God, but through being overlooked and not dealt with, has left the hall, and, not being looked after, has grown cold and backslidden.

AND MANY OTHERS, alas! have been landed, although in the right place (penitent-form) in far from the right manner. What a careful choice should be made in the selection of those who deal with penitents! What momentous issues—really those of spiritual life or death—hang upon their dealings with the penitent soul.

6. What to do with the Small Fry.

THE FISHERMAN THROWS them back in to the stream again, and, sad to say, so do many spiritual fishermen, heedless of the fact that the devil is glad to take them if we won't. These people are so short-sighted as not to see that the whole world would be depopulated in a few years' time were there no small fry to by-and-bye take the place of the large fry. And what about the Salvation Army and, indeed, the whole Christian Church? Where is its hope save in the early Salvation, and after training for front rank work, of the Juniors? Capture the young ones! There is a special pool in the spiritual aquarium for them, viz., the Junior Soldier meetings.

THE ANALOGY ENDS HERE. In opposition to the laws that govern the piscatorial world, in the spiritual world, the "fish," when caught, can itself be transformed into a fisher of men, and thus the blessed work of the salvation of the human race propagated and perpetuated.

In conclusion, let us say that the successful soul-fisher must be a man or woman of instinct—must know what to do and say, and be, and where to go, at the right time and in the right way. The "weather eye" of the real fisherman is always open and his knowledge of things fishy inborn and instinctive. The spiritual fisher can, and indeed should be, just as wide awake, and if at first the instinct is not as keen as it should be, it is a thing that can be acquired by experience. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." (James I., 5.)

Major Howell's First Soul.

Thomas Howell was only a recruit, but he felt he must do something to win souls and tackled a cab-driver in the back seats. The man knelt down between the seats, but Mr. Thomas, the fighter, (who once had a desire to be a man-o'-wars-man) seized him and said, "Get up! you must go to the penitent-form and get saved there."

Some time afterwards, when the said Thomas Howell was a Lieutenant, he visited his home Corps, when a Soldier in full uniform got up, and pointing to the young Lieutenant, said: "I'm glad to see my father." It was the cabman. Several months later the man died and on his death-bed said, "Thank God Tom Howell led me to the Cross, and I'm now going home to Jesus forever!"

HELPS For J. S. Workers.

APRIL 18th.

"MORE MURMURING."
Exodus xxxiv. 1-14, R.V.

A NEW START.

Moses had broken in his anger the tables of stone upon which God had written His laws for the children of Israel, but God forgave him and allowed him to have another opportunity of getting those laws carried out. We notice that Moses was commanded this time to hew the tables himself—when a man has done wrong he always has to do his share before God will do His part.

MOSES ENTREATS GOD'S PRESENCE.

The previous wickedness and idolatry of the people had so displeased the Lord that He had refused to go with them and had sent an angel instead. At the withdrawal of His presence there had been more murmuring, but this time the children of Israel's murmur was one of real mourning, for they knew how dreadful it would be to meet danger without Jehovah. So Moses besought the Lord that He would pardon their iniquity and go up before them.

A COVENANT.

Then in His long-suffering mercy God made a covenant with the people and promised to be with them and to overthrow their enemies in the Promised Land. But there was one condition, and that was that they made no alliance with these enemies or worshipped their gods, but that they absolutely destroyed all traces of their wickedness out of the land.

There is one condition only upon which God will work marvels for His children, and that is that they will give no quarter to the foe they fight with—the foe of sin. When those who have fought in God's battle have pandered to the feelings of the foe, made allowances for the sin of the souls whom they would win, confusion and defeat had been the result. Those who might have been won have been lost, and the soul of the worker has grown cold. To help save the world we must see and hear much of its evil—let us take care that our hearts are kept clean and that our conduct never becomes inconsistent through copying the fashion of this world in thought, word or deed.

A FAST OF FORTY DAYS.

Moses was on the Mount listening to God for another forty days, and during that time he had no food. God sustained him so that he needed none—which would be a miracle.

A SHINING FACE.

Then Moses descended the Mount again with the new tables in his hands, and his heart, we can imagine, glowing with the wonderful communion that he had had up there with his God. But Aaron, his brother, looked afraid. Though Moses had not known it before, his face was shining bright with the communion that he had with God. The people saw and felt that their leader was in close touch with the Great Power which had brought them out of Egypt. So Moses put a vail over his face so as not to frighten them, and first Aaron and the elders and then the people drew near and he gave them the words which God had given him.

Does your face shine when you come from your bedside where you have been talking to God? Can your friends see by your expression that Jesus has been talking to you? Boys and girls who live always in the presence of the Lord, and are constantly having communion with Him, have faces that shine with Heavenly smiles. Does yours?

QUESTIONS.

1. What new start did God give Moses and the children of Israel?
2. What did Moses entreat the Lord to do?
3. Upon what condition did God make His covenant with the people?
4. Why was Moses' forty days on the Mount like a miracle?
5. Why were Aaron and the people afraid to look at Moses?
6. How may the world know that we have been speaking to God.?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Take heed to thyself."

"God, who can raise the dead in church-yards, can raise them in churches,—and Salvation Army Barracks, too!"—Staff-Captain Watson.

AT THE PENITENT-FORM.

MISS ADA WARD BECOMES A SALVATIONIST.

The London "Daily Mail," under the above heading, contains the following interesting account of the conversion of Miss Ward, a popular actress, who will likely be remembered by some theatre-goers in this country :

It is a far cry from the stage of a theatre to the platform of a Salvation Army meeting. Miss Ada Ward, the well-known actress, has abandoned the allurements of the one for the attractions of the other. Last week Miss Ward was playing at the Prince's Theatre, Portsmouth, in "East Lynne" and "The Forger's Wife," and afterwards was to have started on a tour booked ahead. After the curtain came down on Saturday night, however, she called the members of the Company around her, and informed them she was leaving the stage for "a more useful profession," that, in fact, she had joined the Salvation Army. She then distributed among them her dresses and jewellery, and bade them farewell, and left the theatre. Late the same evening, posters were put up outside the Army Barracks that "Miss Ada Ward, the popular actress," would speak there on Sunday evening.

Miss Ward has always been a prime favorite in Portsmouth, and the unpretentious little building, which is styled the barracks, was packed to suffocation. Miss Ward, during the earlier part of the proceedings, occupied

A Seat on the Penitent-Form,

dressed in the ordinary garb of the Salvation lassie, minus the poke bonnet. When she mounted the platform, she was obviously nervous, but her shyness soon wore off ; and addressing her hearers with earnest eloquence, she said that at last, after long years of wandering, peace and rest had entered her heart, and she was happy. She promised from that moment never to enter the theatre again, unless it were to preach the Word of God. This announcement was greeted with a prolonged chorus of "Glory," and "Hallelujah," and many of the audience were moved to tears by the lady's simple words.

To a "Daily Mail" reporter yesterday, Miss Ward said that her decision was irrevocable. She had signed the "Articles of War," and been admitted as a Soldier of the Army.

"For the past four months," she continued, "I have been stopping in Portsmouth, preparing for a tour I had booked this season. During that time I occasionally went to the Salvation Army meetings, and the simple earnest demeanor of the people there had always attracted me, but I did not go to the penitent-form entirely of my own volition. It was on the night of the 6th of last January I was in the meeting when I felt something touch me. Thinking it was some one wanting to pass, I looked up with the intention of moving, when right in front of me

I Saw the Figure of the Saviour

as distinctly and plainly as I see you now. I got up and went to the penitent-form. Something led me, and the feeling was such a peculiar one that I cannot describe it, but the presence has never left me.

"I have seen a great many ups and downs," concluded Miss Ward, "but at last I have found peace and a work that will be congenial to me."

Miss Ward returns to her home at Streatham to-day, and after a short rest, proposes to undertake arduous work in the ranks. She has been connected with the stage twenty years, and in that time has been four times round the world, and has played in every English-speaking country. She has been twice married. The first time was in her sixteenth year, and she had to get a divorce before a year had passed. Her second husband was an artist, who died about twelve years ago, while they were in South Africa, about two and a-half years after marriage. Lady Isabel in "East Lynne" was Miss Ward's great part, but she also appeared with success in "The Lady of Lyons," "The Woman in Red," "Drink," and "Leah."

A FROZEN CORPS.

THOS MINNICE, Staff-Captain, T H S.

WHAT a horrible thing is a frozen Corps, a frozen Soldier, or a frozen Christian ! The dictionary mentions four stages of experience on the subject of frostbite :

1. FROZEN. Void of natural heat and vigor.
2. FROST-BITE. A torpid state.
3. FROST-BITTEN. Nipped by frost.
4. FROST-BOUND. Confined by frost.

We can draw some spiritual lessons from this subject of frost that is suggestive of an experience that many Salvationists get into.

FROST-BITE is caused by cold depressing the vitality of a part or the whole of the body ; this is followed by languid sensations and on till lifeless.

TREATMENT.—Coax back the vitality by friction, by heat, by fire. The frost-bitten part is to be revived by the application of snow first and then heat.

For the soul that is frost-bitten, the remedy is Fire, and for a Corps or a Soldier the same.

Terrible, fatal and inconvenient consequences have come about by frost—rivers are blocked, property ruined, and even lives lost.

I have been told that in the most extreme cases the individual does not perceive that they have received the bite, and take no notice of a little strange but passing sensation, till they are told by some one who knows the meaning of the painful or white-looking part. Now to spiritualize this : It is strange, but a spiritual frost-bite may set in on a soul and no notice be taken of it till some one tells them.

I have come up against frozen Salvationists and others. You feel you cannot talk to them on very spiritual lines. They freeze you on the attempt by their looks and disinterested replies to questions about their soul. They come to meetings and give the indications that they are frost-bitten. They don't testify as they used to, and if they do everybody knows something is the matter. They used to shout as effectively as Joshua's host around Jericho's walls ; but they don't do such a vulgar thing now. They used to clap their hands in holy enthusiastic joy, but they have become too respectable or so highly cultured that they look with pity on those who go through such strange exercises. They used to be the first at open-air meetings or at any rate always there ; but now they are afraid of the damp, or they think they will soon play out and so the process of freezing sets in. When the march comes in they are usually religious enough to be found in the Barracks reading the Bible or Song Book, or poking up the fire,—a pretence that they are looking after the heating. (Of course so they are).

* * * *

I have been in a frozen meeting. No one gives a holy shout save "Glory Jim" or a "Hallelujah" except "Hallelujah Jane," and they are looked on as some kind of Salvation monstrosity, an unnatural production (which, of course, they are.) Some kind and critical friends of ours, when people shout or pray loud, say, "Oh, that is mere animalism." Well, I wonder what they are ! I should say what the boys say in the cities when they see a bicycle out of date : they use one very significant word, "ICE !"

That's what I am tempted to say, and often do say when I come in from a march, and see them sitting about the hall or passing us on the street, doing next to nothing for God or souls. When we go to knee-drills and see where there are 20, 30 or more Soldiers on the roll and find only three, five, eight, or ten there, how can we help but say—FROZEN ! The shout gone. Frozen ! The uniform gone. Frozen ! The marches neglected. Frozen ! The knee-drills scarcely ever thought of. Frozen ! Cartridges forgotten. Frozen !

Never a word to friends about their souls. Frozen !

Scarcely ever spend a half-an-hour on their knees. Frozen !

Never read their Bibles but in a scrappy, come-what-may sort of a manner. They go home when the prayer-meeting comes on. FROZEN ! FROZEN ! ! FROZEN ! ! !

Could any one say FROZEN ! about Moses in his dealings with Pharoah ? Joshua going into Canaan ? Elijah on Carmel ? David with Goliath ? Jehu, in his "Come, see my zeal for the Lord ?" (see II. Kings,x. 16-36), Daniel in the Lion's den ? John the Baptist? or that brave, lion-like follower of Christ, Paul?

To be a little more modern, look at Charles Wesley. Could that be said about him? No! they tried to freeze him,—"The world's my parish." Look at our beloved General. They tried the same with him, but he resisted the process. Salvation Army people don't be frozen by persecution, by discouragements, by past defeats or present difficulties. Resist the process and the Freezing Devil will flee from you. To be frozen—a Corps or a soul—is to shut up Heaven's possibilities on earth.

"I would that thou wert either cold or hot." Of course it's hot God wants us to be (not frozen). We can only feel as Christ felt and see as Christ saw and be constrained to act as Christ acted, when our whole soul is on fire, when all the blood is a-boil with Heavenly flame.

When we are in touch with God, then are we in sympathy with the sorrows of the world, and in a passion to accomplish His work.

No wonder men and women of Fire are misunderstood by men and women of Ice (frost-bitten). As well imagine winter understanding summer.

Look how Christ acted. He would not be frozen to their traditions, or forms, or modes of interpreting the Law. He gave up His life for the world ; His flesh to become its bread. His blood to become its drink. Otherwise the frozen world would have remained frozen. The dead remained dead. Oh, my ! have you left your first love ? Has the freezing temperature of the world in its fashions of dress and companionships attracted you ?

Has the freezing temperature of the flesh in its almost irresistible passions got hold of you ?

Is the damning, paralizing, freezing temptations of the devil of past backsliding, disgraces and defeats freezing your soul ? If so, arouse yourself ! shake yourself up ! Violent efforts of faith and prayer are necessary. They have told me of tieing men that have the drowsiness of frost-bite behind the driving sleigh and whipping up the horse, and thus by violent means saving the life. This frost-bite usually begins at the extremities and works to the heart and then comes death. But spiritual frost-bite always starts at the heart and then goes out to the extremities.

Do not think you will be able to save the extremities of profession or former experiences if the zero-like temperature has got hold of your heart.

To those who have become frozen, I say : Back to your love ! Back to your prayer-room ! Back to your Uniform ! Back to your people ! Back to your Work !

To those who have not yet woke up to these awful possibilities of a frozen soul : Let us read the glass of our life morning, noon and night at least in motive, intention and thought. Watch our hearts fires. Keep them up with the oil and fuel of Divine affection and human sympathy. A frozen Corps or soul hinders the ministering spirits, closes Heaven's windows, blights and blasts wherever it comes. Oh, for the thawing influences of the Pentecostal Holy Ghost.

A CAPTAIN'S CONFESSION.

A Touching Letter from an Ex-Officer.

The following touching letter which is published word for word as received, explains itself :

Dear Editor,—I feel led by the Spirit of God to write a part of my experience for the Cry, to acknowledge where I have sinned, trusting that it may be made a blessing to some who may be tempted.

A little over a year ago, I sent in my resignation on account of ill-health and personal circumstances in reference to home. I now wish with all my heart that I had trusted God with the personal affairs, and died in the fight, rather than to have given in.

At the time of leaving, I had become so muddled in mind, through parlying with the devil, that I really thought that, under the circumstances, I was doing the best I could ; and I have continued to think so, until a few weeks ago, when God spoke to me through His precious Word. I was reading where God smote one of His servants with dumbness for his unbelief, and suddenly the question came to my heart—is not that my sin, doubting God ? Is it not through unbelief that I am where I am to-day ? And as I looked into the matter before God, my guilty heart answered—Yes ; and oh, how mean I felt myself to be ! As I continued to pray and meditate, I felt that to a certain extent my punishment was the same; for have I not been dumb, as far as the interests of God's Kingdom are concerned, ever since ?—for since the day I wrote my resignation up to the present time, I have not had one single opportunity of testifying publicly for Him.

I was reading the War Cry yesterday, and my heart was filled with bitter shame and regret, to think that I had taken myself from the fight, and perhaps in doing so influenced others in the wrong way. While thinking of this, I determined to write to a few intimate friends, acknowledging my sin, and asking them not to allow my action to influence them in any way ; but again, I thought that this acknowledgment was due to the whole Army, as I have dishonored and disgraced its cause, and as there is only one way by which I can reach all, with your permission I will do so through the medium of the dear War Cry.

All seems dark at the present ; I see no way out of my circumstances now. The vessel that God wished to make of me I have spoiled through my wilfulness and doubting, but I hope that He will yet be able to make me into some other useful vessel which will, no doubt, be humbler and less important, but I mean, by His help, to remain passive in His hands and allow Him to make it at least GOOD.

It cost me a struggle to write this, but I promised God I would be His and obey Him in the future, cost what it will. Pray for me. I need your prayers, oh, so much.

Yours in Him,
EX-CAPT. JENNIE MOODY.

A BRAND

Plucked from the Burning.

I REMEMBER, when I first attended the Army open-air meetings at Ballymacarret, No. I., Ireland, I was very much struck with the earnest speaking of one of the female Sergeants. Our meetings were generally held outside a public house, sometimes between two public houses, and this dear Comrade always spoke so suitably and with such authority—condemning, warning, entreating, throwing her whole soul into what she was saying, and with such earnestness, that one would almost fear she might fall down in her efforts to save souls. I subsequently learned her history from her own lips, and found she had been a brand plucked from the burning.

One of the Soldier's children died, and my friend, Mrs. Beer, and I accompanied the dear mother and this Sergeant to the cemetery, and as we sat in the mourning coach with the little white casket on our knees, Mrs. H. related her experience.

She had once

Been a Great Drunkard

and a constant frequenter of the the Public House. She and her husband led an awful life—fighting and quarreling, and she getting beaten by him.

But, Hallelujah ! along came the Salvation Army. One evening, quite drunk at the time, and a miserable-looking object she stood for a while, at an open-air meeting, the Spirit of God arrested her, and deep conviction took hold of her soul.

Off she started to the Barracks, and told the door-keeper that she wanted to be saved, that she must be saved. He hesitated about letting her in, and told her she could get saved at the proper time in the meeting, but she would persist, it must be now, and praise God she did get saved, and has been

For Years a Faithful Soldier—

a true Salvationist.

Her husband did not get saved for sometime after, and strange to say, where before he used to beat her for getting drunk, he now beat her FOR BEING GOOD and wanting to go to the Army meetings. He would even lock her in a room to prevent her from going ; but she endured all in the spirit of meekness and her husband got converted. Both are Sergeants in the Corps, and have been a mighty power for good for some years.

"His Blood can make the vilest clean,
His Blood avails for me. "

M. F. ELLIS.

The Marechale is doing a three weeks' tour in Holland. She wears her coarse "mourning" costume and preaches humiliation, confession, and the Cross.—|—200 young people surrendered themselves to the claims of the Cross at the Chief-of-the-Staff's London meeting.—|—The General's German Campaign commenced at Barmen and resulted in fifty-three souls for Salvation.—|—Colonel Kilby, late Secretary for Australia, sailed for England March 13th.—|—Staff-Captain Walker, Acting Editor of the African Cry, was married to Captain Grace Sargent on February 24th.—|—Mrs. Major Osborne, whose husband—Zulu Jim—was recently promoted to Glory, from Africa, has returned to England.—|—Colonel Lawley and Major Kitching accompany the General to Germany.—|—A boys' brass band is being organized at International Headquarters.—|—An epidemic of "All-Nights" of prayer is raging in Holland.—|—Major J. N. Parker, of the Northern Pacific Division, U. S., has been appointed Social Superintendent for Chicago.—|—The 'Frisco Easter number of the Cry promises to put all former par excellent editions in the shade.—|—11,043 souls have sought Salvation in the U. S. since the start of the Soul Boom.—|—12,000 loaves of bread and 100 barrels of flour were given away by the Army in Detroit in sixty days.—|—A Social Farm is to be secured for the poor out-of-works of San Francisco, and a Railway Company propose to take half of the wood cut on it.—|—Major Winchell rode on the cow-catcher of a locomotive to explore the land.—|—The New York War Cry gives a $3.00 Bible to every Officer ordering 100 extra copies of the Easter Cry.—|—Lieut.-Col. Evans talked to 800 people of Washington, D. C., on the Social work.—|—Mrs. Major Gifford has been sick abed for two weeks.—|—The Juniors of Scranton, Pa., paid all the expenses of their Divisional Secretary, Ensign Kimball, an old Canuck Officer.—|—The Detroit "News-Tribune" calls the Salvation Army "God's Army."—|—The General will be sixty-eight years old on April 11th.—|—Lieut.-Col. Perry, of New York, is sick.

REFLECTIONS.

By THE GENERAL.

My Expectations.

I VISITED a City with a large population. There were many people in it who professed to love and serve God, many of whom were in true sympathy with the Salvation Army, and many who were not.

I reckoned on large audiences, holy influences, mighty convictions, backsliders coming home, and sinners by scores at the Saviour's feet, while angels in Heaven and Salvationists on Earth rejoiced together over men and women repenting and finding Mercy.

* * *

What Happened.

The crowds were there. They came in upon us like the tides of the sea, and the most profound and respectful attention was given to what I had to say. But all the rest of my expectations were only imperfectly fulfilled. Beyond listening, the congregations were indifferent, and took the first opportunity of turning their backs on me and the mercy I proclaimed, and, excepting in very small numbers, refused to submit themselves to God. I was bitterly disappointed. It was a great grief to me. I felt it keenly. I was defeated!

What I Said to God.

What did I do? Elijah-like, I went under my Mulberry-tree, and told God what a great grief this was to me. Had I not come a long distance, had I not prayed, and toiled, and fought for the salvation of these people? But they would not have my salvation, and here I was a gazing-stock for men, and a mockery for Devils.

And then I asked why had He sent me? What was the reason of the failure? Was it my fault? What could I do more? Had I not better retire; anyway, shake off the dust of my feet against that City, and leave it to its fate, so far as I was concerned? For a few hours I really understood the Prophet's exclamation: "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers."

What God Said to Me.

And then God spoke to my heart, saying, "Who are you, that you should make all this to-do about your failure and your disappointment? What about the People themselves? They are going on in their rebellion — every day in danger of the damnation of hell, — dying, on and on, all the time. They will soon be in Eternity. What about their souls, their future? Instead of mourning for yourself, ought you not to be mourning for them?

"And then about the rejection of Me! For in rejecting you they have rejected Me. It is I that have made them, created them, loved them, and given My Son to die for them: and yet they reject the Mercy, and trample under foot the Blood, and refuse the Heaven that I have provided for them? Go and sympathize with Me, and with the People; and for My sake, and for their sake, have patience and go on trying to save them."

I was rebuked. I was silent. I prayed for grace to uphold and strengthen my heart and keep me going forward regardless of every present or future disappointment I might have in the Fight, and every passing sorrow I might be called to endure on that account.

"If's" for a Salvationist.

NEWFOUNDLAND CANAANITE.
Seal Cove.

If you want to know God, live with Him.

If you want to be moved by the Spirit, move God.

If you want to have Heaven in eternity, help to make a heaven in time.

If you want to have rest, act in accordance with your own conscience.

If you want never to die, carry the Cross of Jesus Christ down to the Jordan.

If you ask the Saviour to be with you everywhere, He'll be without you nowhere, not even with devil or angels.

"Men say," says Mr. Moody, "that my philosophy is a hundred years old, but if it wasn't 4,000 years old I would throw it away. Do you think that this old book, (showing a Bible) has outgrown its usefulness? Men might as well say that the sun has shone so long that it is worn out. They might as well put electric lights in the houses because the sun was old. If men could walk with God there would be no murders, suicides or divorces."

John x, 9.

MARY W. GOODERHAM, Auxiliary.
Toronto, Ont.

WE ARE THANKFUL to God for
those who are saved, having
entered the open door.
And are rejoicing now in forgiven sins,
and are happy as never before;
And although they have a battle to fight,
and beat against wind and tide,
Their help is in the mighty God, and He
has promised to be their Guide.

For this life is only a testing time to prepare them for joys untold;
And from day to day, if they wait on God, His wishes He will unfold.
And happy are those by the Spirit's power who keep from the paths of sin,
And follow their Lord, Who has gone before, to open the way for them.

And God, through the Spirit, will give them the power to work for Him here below,
And to be brave and true, keeping the end in view, for which they are working now,
Then the reward that awaits them above will be far more than a laurel wreath,
It will be a crown, we are told, in the Heavenly fold, and everlasting peace.

No Crooked Steps.

By BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

TAKE NO CROOKED STEPS; one single step to the right or left is sufficient to put you wrong; it is a straight way." Thus spoke a dying girl to her parents, sisters and friends, who gathered around her bed ere she passed away. It was her last, earnest, affectionate appeal. She had been a Lieutenant in our glorious Army, and had lived a devoted life. Her spirit was just on the border of eternity; in fact, she had already taken one or two glimpses into the Glory Land. Her words, therefore, should have some significance, especially seeing that they so exactly correspond with what the Master Himself said when He uttered those words: "Enter in at the strait gate," and so on.

What a lot of people DO get off the main line of full Salvation after all! They start well, and for a time appear to be making a straight line for the mark of their high calling. Lest you, dear reader, should make the fatal mistake of taking one step astray, permit me to entreat you to:

1. TAKE NO CROOKED STEP IN YOUR CONSECRATION. Christ wants you ALL. He claims that. His love merits it. It is the primary condition upon which He will become to you all and in all. Failing to comply with that condition is the one great cause of mystery, misery, and defeat to many who have desired to live a holy life, and who sought the blessing so essential.

I'll try and show you what I mean. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength" is the command which, you see, calls for the complete consecration—the entire surrender to God, and for His service—of all our being. The heart, the mind, the soul, the strength, surely takes in, in their entirety, all the spiritual, mental, and physical powers we possess. This is God's claim upon you, the filling of which is a very important and promising step to a full salvation, and to a life of holy, successful service to God and man.

Many have made that consecration in part, but on account of one false step in withholding, perhaps, the capacity of their brains for the dividing of plans, have let the making of money, the aggrandizement of their position to suit and benefit their own personal, selfish interests, or the taking of some other "crooked steps" in withholding some portion of their all, spoil, and render non-effective their consecration up to that point.

Is this where you have failed? Have you kept back part of the price? Have you rendered unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's? Have you withholden one treasure, one tithe, or one talent from Him who so freely gave ALL—His love, all His life, His heart's blood—to make it possible for you to "serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of your life?" That is a crooked step! Retrace it, and get on to the straight path of full consecration of your all to His possession and service.

2. TAKE NO CROOKED STEP in your OBEDIENCE, which is the test of the sincerity and extent of your LOVE, your CONSECRATION to Him. It is by that obedience in trial, in temptation, and weakness, which entails sacrifice and difficulty to the flesh that the reality of your love and consecration is demonstrated to God, to the world, to friends, and to foes. It is by that OBEDIENCE that you receive His blessing, that you bear fruit, and thus glorify Him, for is it not "the willing and obedient" that "shall eat of the fruit of the land."

The obedience of some saints reaches to about the same point of perfection as that of which a certain husband boasted he had got his wife trained to. "Why, bless your heart," said he to his enquiring friend, "I can get her to do whatever SHE likes."

The obedience essential to the receiving of a clean heart, to the successful pursuit of the Christ-path, to the acceptable, and well-pleasing service to Him whom angels obey and adore, must be constant, willing, spontaneous, and whole-hearted.

3. TAKE NO CROOKED STEPS IN YOUR FAITH. If your faith is but weak, use it. To allow a single doubt is to disarm you and weaken your power to believe. One moment of unbelief has been the "crooked step" taken by many a saint, which led the way to a life of doubt, fear, backsliding, skepticism, for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

Has your experience (which used to be clear and straight) got crooked and mysterious? Can you no longer see along the straight and narrow way of holiness like you used to? Are you the individual who cannot now "read your title clear?" Has your spiritual grasp become so feeble that when you pray you cannot take hold of the promises with any prevailing effect? Has the will of God become mixed and puzzling to you? Have you lost the burning zeal you once had to save souls? Are you not as much interested in holiness testimony, in holiness teachings, and in holiness meetings as you once were? Then depend upon it, if you are, you have taken a "crooked step" to the left or to the right, and the only way for you to regain your position on the "highway of holiness" is to shunt right back to the junction where you got wrong. Ask God to forgive you for going so far astray; commence doing the very thing which the refusal to do caused you to err. Apply the above principles and then go right ahead. Depend upon it too, that the further you go in pursuing the crooked pathway the more perplexing and impossible, if not impossible, it will become for you to retrace your steps at all. Remember the dying girl's message, "One crooked step is enough to put you wrong."

The money-worshipper may appear to find a heaven in his gains, but what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

CONTEMPORARY CLIPPINGS.

The "Spectator" Speaks Out for the Army.

THE Hamilton (Ont.) "Spectator," in referring to the fact that the Army's Self-Denial income in the past eight years reached the sum of $138,778, remarks: "This may seem a large amount of money to be entrusted to the Army, but on consideration of the recent report of the British auditors, Messrs. Knox, Burbridge, Cropper & Co., that the Army funds and administrations are equal to the London John Stock Bank, and the report of the Canadian auditor, Joseph Blakely, of Toronto, before the Civic Finance Committee last year, the people of Canada may feel that the money entrusted to the Army from time to time is well-spent, in preaching the Gospel to the poor and non-church going people, as well as assisting the lowest classes temporally.

* * *

Friendly Remarks by the Livingston Press.

The local Press of Livingston is by no means chary in its recognition of the work being done for the good of that town through the instrumentality of the Army. Captain Stanbury sends us a couple of newspaper clippings which read thus:

ROSE SCHELLAR, who has been almost an exile of the streets for several months, has been extended an aiding hand by the Salvation Army. She some time ago became so addicted to the morphine habit that this drug finally failed to produce the desired result and she resorted to cocaine. This powerful drug is the last resort of "hypo fiends" and its use soon leads to death. Rose would never have taken many more "shots"—she had almost reached the end of her rope, when the "Cowboy Kid" captured her by the arm as she was wildly chasing along the street on Tuesday and escorted her to Captain Stanbury, of the Salvation Army, who induced her to make an effort to overcome the degrading habit of which she was a victim. The Army have a Rescue Mission at Helena, a retreat for fallen women, and it was decided to send Rose to this home. Transportation was furnished by the County Commissioners, and the girl was taken to Helena Tuesday night. Her parents are said to be well off.

—:o:—

The Salvation Army is picking up the stragglers, the sinners and the suckers from the streets, the saloons and the shrines of sin and steering them into the straight and narrow way that stretches in a sky line to the Zion of the saved. The brands saved from the burning have started out on the new suit as sanguine of success as though they had sought Salvation before their lives had become seared with sin and shame. The tinhorn has turned from his table of trickery and poured his tale of trouble into the tympanums of the teachers of holy truth, and is thumping the tambourine in the temple of those who through trial and tribulation have taken a tack toward temperance and truer lives. The Salvation Army has struck rich diggings in Livingston and the returns are simply marvelous. If the work keeps up until spring the haunts of vice will be entirely deserted and the reclaimed hosts of sin will be bright and shining examples for those whose lives have heretofore been regarded as quite exemplary.

Now is now here, but to-morrow's nowhere.

ADVANCES

IN

THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

Many Denominations Assist — A Noble Doctor—Anaconda "Standard" Writes—Sympathy and Affection for the Field Commissioner.

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

THERE was one cloud shadowing the bright home-coming from the West,—the illness of our dear Leader, the Field Commissioner. Everywhere on the tour, the greatest interest and pleasure had been expressed when the announcement of her prospective visit was made. Expectations were bright. Preparations were going forward with loving heartiness, to make the Commissioner's visit one triumphant march of victory. Great, then, was the sorrow felt and given expression to by all classes, when it was known our Leader's health had broken down. Many prayers have risen from loving and believing hearts, and the welcome still lingers upon the expectant lips and the affection still fills the hearts of the dear Western folk for Miss Booth, when the happy day arrives that her visit can be made and the glad songs sing out over the victories achieved.

* * * * *

The second "Note" must be one of thankfulness for the "signs of the times" and the news of victory we have to chronicle.

* * * * *

I have been much encouraged by the deep intrest manifested during my recent Western tour, in the Social as well as the spiritual work of the Army. On all sides people showed the deepest sympathy for the work, and confidence in the methods adopted.

* * * * *

I never entered a Railway carriage but about three times during the whole tour—over six thousand miles—but what some one—often several, addressed me with enquiries as to our progress, and expressed pleasure at the information.

* * * * *

"Pardon me, but what does that band on you arm—League of Mercy—mean ? Do you belong to some special order ?" enquired one gentleman, as I was travelling to Helena. It was an opportunity availed of, to explain the beautiful, Christlike work being done by our precious League of Mercy members.

* * * * *

I am delighted to report that not only in the Western Provinces is this work being taken hold of, but throughout the whole Territory we constantly receive blessed news of good accomplished. In the Pacific Province we organized the League of Mercy, commencing at Spokane. Mrs. Major Friedrich, assisted by Mrs. Staff-Captain Southall, takes the oversight.

* * * * *

We are sure this will be a great blessing, as already Mrs. Friedrich and Mrs. Southall have done good service in visitation.

Our first meeting in Spokane County Prison was most inspiring. The officials were very kind, and the men most appreciative. They received copies of "Sin Chains Riven" eagerly and love the War Cry.

* * * * *

In Butte City I was much impressed by our Prison meeting—arranged especially for five o'clock by the courtesy of the officials—one poor fellow lying prostrate on the stone floor, pleading for a dime for "Medicine," the "medicine" being morphine. Poor manacled slave ! Oh ! this frightful appetite ! How it destroys men physically and mentally, as well as spiritually !

* * * * *

Thank God He can heal. Already we have had some marvellous cases of this "healing" of mind, body and soul. In one of our Western Rescue Homes, a woman has been cured who was a morphine fiend seven years. Hallelujah !

* * * * *

Everywhere "Sin Chains Riven" was received and read with much interest. From all directions letters come in telling of appreciation and information gained by perusing its pages. One gentleman in Winnipeg was so pleased with the booklet that he purchased a hundred copies for distribution among his friends.

"Twas a pleasure to spend a short time with dear Ensign Beckstead in Winnipeg on my return journey. Everything was so bright and cheerful. The organ we appealed for through the Press stood invitingly in the Reception room. We cordially thanked the gentleman who responded readily and kindly to our appeal. Extract from his letter in reply to our newspaper request :

"Please accept this offering as an earnest testimony of the good work the Salvation Army is doing, not only in Winnipeg, but the wide world over."

"Yours sincerely,
CHARLES H. WHEELER.

Also we are grateful to the many friends who have been rallying to Ensign Beckstead's assistance with financial help.

* * * * *

The nine girls and three little ones in the Home seemed happy and well. Dr. Yoemans has given noble assistance since her return to Winnipeg from the East. God bless her !

* * * * *

Helena Rescue Home, under "Mother" Ensign Langtry, is in a flourishing spiritual condition.

On the occasion of my visit, I found every inmate was converted. This is beautiful indeed. Over 20 cases have been received since the Home was opened eleven months ago—only two of whom have been unsatisfactory.

* * * * *

We are much in need of financial help here. Through the kindness of Butte and Missoula, as well as Helena citizens, we were able to clear off some debt, but we still invite assistance on this line.

There is a great need for Rescue work in Helena. I am sure its citizens have only to know of the Army's work, to respond liberally to our needs. The Mayor of Missoula and also of Spokane, gave donations when called upon for Helena, and Spokane Home respectively. The Press was most generous in writing up the work.

The Anaconda "Standard," Butte "Miner," Spokane "Spokesman,"—all the Winnipeg papers, and many others, gave lengthy reports and accounts of Rescue work, with statistics, etc., some devoting a whole column to this subject.

* * * * *

In Spokane we have had exceptional difficulties. We have had some cases. There is a need in this City, and as the Home is understood, good results will follow.

Ensign Milner is in charge for the present. We have engaged a larger house in more suitable locality, and intend to make it more attractive to every way.

The public are being appealed to for furniture, musical instruments, etc.

* * * * *

An old Army convert and friend from Seattle—Mr. Elliott, whom we met some years ago, generously promised us flowers at the close of our meeting, where we had explained what we needed to make the Home "homelike" in the truest sense of the word.

* * * * *

The Council has been petitioned for a grant. Great victories are before us in Washington State. Ensign Milner does some special meetings on behalf of the Home in Rossland and other places.

* * * * *

The four church meetings conducted in four cities in the Pacific Province, were held in four different denominations—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational—showing how general is the interest in the work among other Christian Societies.

* * * * *

Every Minister had words of encouragement to speak. In all the places visited,—saloons, variety theatres, dance halls, gambling halls, the Salvationists were treated with the greatest consideration and respect. My prayer continually was, "Oh, Lord Jesus, help us to make the most and the best of the glorious opportunities."

'THE DRUNKARD'S HOME'

Truthfully Represented at the Army Citadel last night — Also the Change it Underwent after the Father was Converted — An Impressive Meeting.

The drunkard's home, squalid and wretched, with all its undesirable environments, was portrayed true to life at the Salvation Army Citadel last evening, and then the wonderful change which was effected when liquor was given up for good. It was certainly a very powerful object lesson, and one that could not help but impress those who were present.

The meeting was opened in the usual way. The first prayer was interspersed with many a hearty "Amen" from the Salvationists, followed by a chorus, which was sung several times, and then sung again. It ran something like this :

"Yes, the drunkard may come,
And the swearer may come ;
The backslider and sinner
Are all welcome home
Forever and forever."

Miss Howard sang : "Don't Go Near the Bar-room, Brother."

In one corner of the platform there was a typical bar-room portrayed, called "Guzzlers' Rest," with the required number of bottles and XXX whiskey, and the usual coterie of loafers. It was pay day at a factory near by, and as the men received their usual weekly wages some went home, while others could not resist the temptation to go to the bar-room and get hilariously drunk, some of them spending all their wages. Just as the fun is at its height the Salvation Army come along to hold an open-air meeting, singing their familiar gospel hymns, much to the disgust of the hotel-keeper, and as the Army proceeded down the street (aisle) the drunkards fall in, and the march to the Citadel begins.

But one drunkard is left behind at the hotel, and his little girl comes to seek him, singing amid profound silence : "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now." The child's urgent solicitation had its desired effect at last, and the drunkard entered his home, and what a home it was ! No furniture ; children in rags ; a scene of squalid wretchedness in the extreme. He makes a resolve to stop drinking liquor forever. He is visited by a Salvationist and is converted. The curtains are thrown back, and then a view is shown of his new home. The rooms are nicely furnished ; the children are well dressed ; sunshine and happiness are imprinted on each of their faces, while the voices of the entire family are raised in singing that time-honored and inspiring hymn : "Oh, What Peace My Saviour Gives." The family Bible is brought it to service, and the First Psalm is read before the family retire for the night.

Away up in a tenement house a small boy was supposed to lie dying. He was the child of a drunken father, who had cruelly beaten him, and the lad crossed the borderland while Adjutant Cass sang that very pathetic solo, "I'm Hiding, I'm Hiding ; Please Sir, Don't Tell !"

The large audience present were spellbound, particularly while the last scenes were being enacted, as the awful truths were brought home to them with such force and power.

Nearly all the Officers took part in getting up the representation. Of course, the bottles in the bar-room were empty. Captain Collier acted as the hotel-keeper, and Geo. Floyd was the bartender. Mr. Andrews was the supposed drunkard, whose home underwent such a transportation through his conversion.

London "Times."

* * * * *

Notes on the Meeting.

Our worthy Provincial Secretary, Brigadier Margetts, with his wife and family, graced the audience with their presence, as did also Staff-Captain and Mrs. Turner.

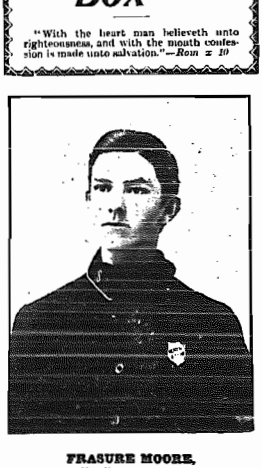
It was quite evident that Captain Bert Collier knows how it goes, or he could not have filled the role of a drunk on the march so well. In fact, one would easily believe that all the drunks had been there before, in reality, many a time. Thank God for the change in so many lives !

Adjutant Cass and his aides should certainly feel encouraged, and it is to be hoped something else will follow soon, equally as successfully financially, and at the same time as God-glorifying as was this extraordinary "Drunkard's Home."

J. H. M.

OUR WITNESS BOX

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—*Rom x 10*



FRASURE MOORE.
Hamilton, Bermuda.

I AM so glad that I can say I am a Soldier in the good old Army. I was converted June 14th and enrolled August 26th, 1896—my parents having given their consent that I might become a Soldier—and I am now on my way rejoicing.

We are having glorious times in Bermuda. God is saving souls in the meeting, but many more should give up the pleasures of the world and serve God also, yet we are believing and praying for greater victories in the future. The other night, just as we closed our Soldiers' meeting, a great stone fell on the top of the hall. My motto is to keep saved myself and get others saved.

Yours as true as ever,
—FRASURE MOORE, North Shore, Pembroke, Bermuda, W. I.

A VISIT

TO THE S. A. UNIVERSITY,

Lippincott Street.

By LISGAR STREET CORPS CORRESPONDENT.

I ARRIVED at the Training Home about 9 o'clock, a. m., but in mistake entered through the door leading into the lady students' wing ; but had not proceeded far before the mistake was discovered and I was put on the right track, and from thence all went well.

In passing, I should like to say that the little I did see of the Women's side made me feel that everything was in apple-pie order. The female students evidently believe that "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

The next individual I ran across was Captain Brindley, who received me very cordially, inviting me into the inner precincts of the abode of some of our future Officers.

The Cadets themselves were in a singing class, so I was handed over to Adjutant Byers who kindly took me over the whole place.

The little corridor bed-rooms were clean, tidy and cosy. Credit is due to both Cadets and Officers for the way in which everything is kept. In fact, it is such on the lad's side that I question if the lassies' apartments are kept more spruce. In the kitchen the stove was shining brightly, and all the various articles that are generally found in that interesting department were in good order.

The dining-room was the next to inspect, with its table, chairs and floor made almost white by coming into frequent contact with the scrubbing brush. These were so clean that one could have eaten off them.

Its walls held several inspiring mottos, and in a conspicuous place hung the T. H. Rules for Cadets, which notified that their day commenced at 6 a. m. followed by a list of the duties to be performed every hour of the day until the bell rang at 11 p. m., when lights are put out, talking ceases, and all is quiet except for an occasional sound from a too loud slumberer.

The last place I was shown was the room occupied by the Officers, which was in keeping with the rest of the establishment. Very prominent in this room was the Cadets' study table, which has been carefully planned out, specifying the hours to be devoted to the F. O., D. D., arithmetic, and other useful lessons, which are of value to the Cadets in preparing them for the days of Officership.

The Cadets form an obedient regiment of Salvationists who through the love and power of Jesus are enabled to perform their duties to the glory of God and the Salvation of souls.

I was very pleased with all I saw, and left the Training Home saying from my heart, "GOD BLESS THE CADETS !"

BE CHEERY.

Why should a person make himself a nuisance ? What gain is there in grimness, and sourness, and unsociability ? Few people care to listen to whining and complaint. On the whole, the world uses us as well as we deserve. It is very hard for the defeated to admit this, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and, if only admitted, one of the chief reasons for defeat is removed. A cheerful philosophy is an important element of success. He who is perpetually suspecting others of ill-treating him and keeping him down is not a welcome companion. Every man is of less importance to the world around him that he likes to think. But he can easily test it by asking how much he himself dwells upon the condition of others. By as much as their grievances do not particularly concern him, by so much his own are matters of indifference to them. So let him be pleasant, bury his sorrows, pocket his affronts, make himself agreeable, trust in Providence and thankfully take what comes. Borrowed.

HOME CORNER

The pail of water that has stood in the kitchen over night has absorbed all the impurities odors of the atmosphere. Don't use it for the morning coffee or tea, but have a fresh pailful drawn.

I was born twice, in the same town, in the same street,—once one side, and once on the other side of the street. Ash Bay.

CANDIDATES, ATTENTION!

All Soldiers wishing to apply for the work of the Salvation Army should do so direct to their Provincial Officer, addressing all communications to him. This will avoid any unnecessary delays.

WAR CRY

THE GENERAL'S SIXTY-EIGHTH.

NEXT SUNDAY, April 11th, is the sixty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the Army's founder and General. Respecting the warmth of affection and fervency of intercession of this great wing of the world-wide Army for and on behalf of our great and good General we need not now speak, since that will be crystallized into permanent form in her own choice language, when, on behalf of her Officers and Soldiers, and the friends of this work the Field Commissioner sends a birthday greeting to the General (which message will be reproduced in our next issue); but to the object lesson his life furnishes we would draw attention. That life is before the world. Its details need not be referred to here, but the lesson writ large by those facts is that full dedication of body, soul and spirit to God is the most permanently satisfactory and profitable way in which it is possible to spend a life. God accepted the dedication of that Nottingham boy, when he offered himself up years ago, and has made him an uncrowned king of men by a Divine right which is witnessed to on every hand, and while the climb towards the unparalleled sphere of world-wide usefulness he now enjoys has not been without the usual accompaniment of hatred, scorn and obliquy which is the lot of nearly all reformers, it is safe to say that no man living is enshrined in the hearts of so many people of different races, nor has such a continuous stream of genuine intercession going up on his behalf as our dearly-loved and only General. To his people he is a tender father; they love him in return and readily fall into line with his calls to service because one Spirit inspires both leader and followers alike. Let us learn the lesson his life teaches, and hold back nothing from the service of our Redeemer who, out of so small a gift as five barley loaves can feed a multitude, leaving plenty to spare, and from the consecrated effort of one man has raised up around the world, out of all sorts of people, another great satisfied host to be hands and feet, eyes, ears and heart for the blessed Christ by means of which He can pour forth His great love on the perishing world, and bring it back to God.

A FROZEN CORPS.

OUR FRONTISPIECE, and Staff-Captain Minnice's article on this subject, will, we trust, be studied with some profit. Severe on ourselves though it may appear to be, it is not a bit too severe. We do not mean to say that more are suffering from the freezing process than formerly; we think quite the opposite; and the progress of the SIEGE affords very good grounds for our belief. Nevertheless, there will be no harm done if every Corps in the Territory should seriously put to itself the question, "What evidence is there of frost here?"

Of one thing all may be certain, viz., that as the Fire of God goes out, the Devil's frost penetrates in, and that Corps is freest which is hottest.

Amongst the many indications of frost in a Corps, no one sign is more significant than the absence of the spirit of prayer. It is possible for a Corps to do its regulation work, and go through all its duties and the whole be but a huge performance in ice, and where our people have lost the Divine Fire this is what really takes place.

The remedy is at hand, thank God! Wherever a number of people have sufficient interest in God, His cause, and their own spiritual interests to go to God with sincere, humble and obedient hearts and wait, if needs be, as the Apostles waited prior to Pentecost, the Fire of God will break in on them, ice will disappear as though it were plunged into the sun, and every movement of the Corps will be instinct with life—Divine life—the life of God. This Corps, set on fire of the Holy Ghost, is the kind of Corps to make converts, to KEEP converts when they are made, to nurse Converts into fighting Soldiers, and this is the kind of Corps that ought to surround the new Soldiers in the great Territorial Enrolment on April 20th.

TURKEY, as she appears in the eyes of Christendom.

Pars of the Period.

CRETE.

At the time of writing, there is no improvement in respect to the Cretan difficulty, and the "Concert of the Powers" such as it is appears likely to be dissolved owing, it is said, to the reluctance of Lord Salisbury to coerce Greece. The British Premier, in the interests of peace, endeavored to secure a neutral zone a mile wide on each side of the Turko-Grecian boundary, which would render the likelihood of an outbreak between the soldiers of the two armies less probable than while they are so near each other as at present, but this the other Powers will not accept, because, it is said they see the possibility of even greater trouble than under the present arrangement. The state that Crete is in thus described:

"The conditions which prevail throughout this island beggar description. Warfare, rapine and pillage are going on in every direction, and thus far the forces of the Powers have been absolutely powerless to preserve order even in the coast towns. The Cretan Christians and the Greeks are firmly resolved to bring about the annexation of the Island to Greece, while the Moslems appear to be equally determined to prevent such consummation. The Turks declare that if the Island is handed over to Greece they will massacre not only every foreigner, but even their own women and children, and then fight the Christians to the bitter end. . . . Though the Powers have heretofore displayed much favoritism to the Turks, it is not for a moment believed that they would countenance a massacre of the Christians. The intervention of the Powers thus far has been of no practical value beyond demonstrating in what direction their sympathies lie."

THE TRANSVAAL.

In the Parliamentary enquiry into the Transvaal raid, which has been going on for some time in London, Dr. Jameson, who was called upon to give evidence, said that the force he led into the Transvaal was only destined to keep order in Johannesburg, and since the conditions in the Transvaal, so far as the foreigners were concerned was insupportable, to change the administration of the Transvaal by having a sufficient force at Johannesburg to induce President Kruger to take a plebiscite of the whole population to decide who was to be President. According to recent events, there seems to be some danger of an outbreak between Great Britain and the Transvaal, and it is said large quantities of war supplies are being sent to South Africa from Great Britain. On the other hand, it is said that great war preparations have been made by the Transvaal Government for some time past.

THE ONTARIO AMENDED TEMPERANCE BILL.

The recent Temperance Bill, the first reading of which in the Ontario Parliament was followed by such a storm of indignation from the Temperance people of the Province has been amended. Concerning the License Bill in its recent amended form, Mr. Spence, the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, is reported as saying: "This bill is decidedly a progressive measure of License Law reformed. There are four points specially commendable: (1) It limits the number of licenses to be issued. (2) It gives municipalities power to limit the hours of sale. (3) It raised the age under which liquor may yet be sold till twenty-one years. (4) It imposes rigid restrictions on the sale of liquor by druggists. It has four other points of advantage over the former bill: (1) The provision prohibiting the issue of new licenses within three hundred feet of churches and schools. This would be of more real value if it applied to places already licensed, and was not limited to new licenses. (2) The provision by which, under certain circumstances, electors in localities may rid themselves of existing licenses. (3) Licenses may be cancelled for violation. (4) It prohibits the supplying of liquor in clubs to persons under twenty-one years of age. . . The new bill is not all that could have been desired; it is, however, a valuable instalment of advanced legislation."

POTATO PATCH SCHEME.

Following the example of Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, the Salvation Army in Chicago proposes to farm vacant city lots, and in this way do something towards lessening the suffering of the worthy poor. The "Gage Farm," a tract of more than 100 acres, and belonging to the city, may be divided into small lots and assigned to those who will cultivate them. The plan in most of its details was explained recently to a select company of influential persons at the house of Judge Kohlsat by Commander Booth-Tucker, and a great deal of interest awakened in it. It is estimated that from an outlay of $5,000, at least $10,000 may be realized. As so much land within the city limits is vacant, it would seem as if there were no reason why it should not be put to some use. Post-Master Hessing, one of the candidates for Mayor, wants to have it planted with beans.—Montreal "Witness."

THE P. O. AT RICHMOND ST.

Excellent day. Meetings well attended. Lisgar Street Band rendered valuable assistance. A man on his way to British Columbia got saved while the afternoon meeting was in progress. Two more surrendered at night. P. O. and wife follow up with several days' Campaign.—T. H.

New Glasgow Ablaze.

Twenty-Two Souls—Visit of P. O.

(By telegraph).

Unexpected visit Major Pugmire and self New Glasgow; great crowds; people turned away: marvelous manifestations God's power. Twenty-two at His feet. Adjutant McGillivray commanding.

Staff-Capt. Gage.

Colonel Jacobs at Richmond St.

The Chief Secretary, assisted by Major Howell, Staff-Captain Minnice and the Staff Band, had a crowd to talk to on Thursday night. Adjutant Fred Miller—en route to the U. S.—and several handsmen preached short sermons, and almost everybody enjoyed themselves. One woman, somewhat intoxicated, knelt at the Cross. Ensign Kenning fished two more out after the benediction was said. The Editor has led most of the meetings this week. Major Howell leads the following week. Shouting Jimmy is still much in evidence.—F. E. S.

LONDON LOOKING LIVELY.

Thirty Souls Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts Lead a Week-End—An Early March—A Social Tea and Re-Union—Sick Officers.

On Saturday and Sunday we had Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts leading the attack. God signally owned their efforts. Good crowd Saturday and a typical free and-easy. Twenty-five Soldiers turned out for early march Sunday morning, and thirty-seven were present inside. Two souls at knee-drill: five in the holiness meeting, and eleven at night. 'Twas a high day for London. One soul in cottage meeting Monday night. On Tuesday the Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts led another Social tea and reunion. Soldiers and backsliders present; wonderful time. Nine knelt at the Cross before "closed up shop." Total of thirty souls—of all classes—since Saturday. Mrs. Adjutant Cass has been seriously ill, but improving. Captain Moulton has been ordered to bed by doctor, but no serious results looked for.—J. H., M.

RIVERSIDE'S RACKET—VISIT OF MAJOR AND MRS. READ AND SPECIALS.

Glorious week-end at Riverside! Major and Mrs. Read leading on, nobly assisted by Staff-Capt. Rawling and Ensign Shea (Saturday night), Free-and-Easy on Army lines. Record-breaking knee-drill. Good spiritual band meeting. "Johnny" walked seven miles to work and got blessed. Saved gambler just converted, gave thrilling testimony in Holiness meeting. A brother said, "No holes in my Salvation." Over 50 in Company meetings. One gentleman gave $5c. in collection. Adjutant and Mrs. Moore and Lieutenant White doing gloriously. Splendid scheme for booming "Crys," which sell out. Two souls. Grand Lantern meeting Monday night. Prospects grand for Riverside.

BOWMANVILLE'S THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

LED BY MAJOR HOWELL.

We have just held our thirteenth anniversary celebration with Major Howell leading. Great crowds all through the Campaign. Much enthusiasm. Annie Catharine Maltby given to God on Sunday afternoon. Monday, gathering of District Officers and Soldiers, also Oshawa Brass Band. Great Jubilee time, with one soul at the close. Finances for week-end over $50, although we did not have a banquet, but took up thank offerings instead. Every one congratulated each other and praised God for His goodness in bringing us to our 13th anniversary.

G. MALTBY, D. O.

LISGAR LANCERS LED ON BY S.O. LEADERS.

The famous Staff Band, led by Staff-Captain Minnice, D. O., in a. m. and p. m., and Major and Mrs. Gaskin at night had enthusiastic times. Turpin, Shea, Horn, H. Morris and Bale, each read from Bible in Holiness meeting. N. Griffiths read lesson and Bale pulled in net in p. m. Kenning and Shea danced. 306 present in Junior meeting: ten companies: handsmen assisted. Sixty-one on march: seven open-air Companies at night. Dick Griffiths, A. Morris and Kenning read from Bible. Turpin and Kenning gave powerful appeals. Four souls. Adjutant Byers challenges city for largest processions.

F. E. S.

THE good, old-fashioned Blood and Fire way of going about our business is always productive of good results, in increased interest and blessing, besides giving the Army a proper representation to the world.

* * * *

We were never meant to be prosy, cold, stiff formalists, but alive, active and earnest in pushing forward the work of saving souls with zeal and courage.

* * * *

There can be no doubt but that the "Siege of the Lost" has been a very potent factor in stirring things up in this direction, and results amply prove the efficacy of the methods adopted.

* * * *

The East Ontario Province has been mightily stirred, and the Provincial Officer has been experiencing tremendous seasons of blessing. Some of the hardest Corps have been rejoicing over the ingathering of souls.

* * * *

Captain Green, of the Industrial Farm, is farewelling, and will take a Field appointment. He has toiled early and late in order to push forward the interests of the Farm and of the men who come there from time to time. We wish Captain and Mrs. Green God-speed and predict for them a future of increased usefulness and blessing.

* * * *

Ensign Patterson has farewelled from Victoria, B. C., and has been appointed to take charge of the Vancouver Food and Shelter Depot. Adjutant Clarke succeeds him at Victoria.

* * * *

Kingston! What can I say of thee and thy "Blood and Fire" warriors? I never spent a happier week-end in my life than that spent with thy joyous Soldiers. True, I went expecting good times, but did not anticipate such a succession of blessed, God-glorifying victories.

* * * *

Everybody has made up their minds for a good time. The Officers and Soldiers had prayed and believed, and God honored their faith.

* * * *

Major Sharp and his Staff worked like Trojans. The Major himself never seemed to weary. The Chancellor and Officers "dished" with a patient persistence beautiful to behold. How the dear Soldiers prayed and sang! Bless them, they did my soul good! Then the Brass Band rendered excellent service, while the String Band must have been at its very best. The playing was fine!

* * * *

The newly-formed Junior Drum and Fife Band played very creditably. Adjutant Stanyon had worked hard to get the children into such a state of efficiency.

* * * *

The classes in operation on the platform were very good. The Junior Soldiers' work in Kingston is doing splendidly, and reflects great credit upon Adjutant Stanyon and his helpers.

The Band of Love children were charming. They drilled in grand style. Arrayed in white dresses and red jerseys, they presented a beautiful sight. The people sat spellbound as they went through the various exercises.

* * * *

The two afternoon Holiness meetings were marvels for power, interest and blessing. Fancy over three hundred people on the two afternoons, and fourteen at the Mercy Seat!

* * * *

The Officers' meeting on Tuesday morning was refreshing. The Officers were in good spirits, and impressed me as men and women of God who were determined to conquer or die.

* * * *

After being present at eighteen meetings and marches during the four days, we left Kingston tired, but happy in soul, mentally revolving the events of the last few days, and more than ever convinced that plain, straight-forward Salvation Armyism, backed home with the power of the living God, will succeed anywhere and everywhere.

* * * *

The following is an extract from a letter just received from Adjutant Stanyon, of Kingston:

"Our last-night was marvellous, after all that had happened. In spite of the dreadful night, we had 200 present, seven at the penitent-form, and finished at 1.30 a. m. Last night was another eye-opener. The whole city was stirred; 300 present and three out for Salvation. We are still going on, and our faith is for greater things yet. At seven o'clock to-night I am meeting all the people who have been to the penitent-form this week, and at 8 o'clock the Major is doing a private Soldiers' meeting. I believe this week-end we shall have a mighty smash. It was lovely in the march last night to see eight young men marching two deep who have been saved this week. We have now reached a total of 58—37 for Salvation and 21 for the blessing."

* * * *

Picton has recently held a Band of Love demonstration, when the Barracks was full, and much interest manifested in the Junior War.

* * * *

The Kingston District, too, is experiencing a revival. At Gananoque, Napanee and Sunbury crowds are increasing and souls are being saved.

The practical sympathy on behalf of famine-stricken India displayed in every corner of the Dominion of Canada has astonished Englishmen and called forth a remarkable chorus of press references to the spirit of imperial kinship which Canadians have exhibited towards their fellow-subjects.

TO THE

WARRIORS OF THE SIEGE

FROM

The Field Commissioner.

MY DEAR OFFICERS and Soldiers:—Despite stronger desires than I can here express to send a few lines to you direct from myself, I have been unable to do so until the present time. And now, although God has been very gracious to me and has restored me to a measure of convalescence, I can only send you a few sentences.

This message will meet you in the thick of the second portion of our effort of the Siege—so dear in its far-reaching prospects of blessing to the hearts of all devoted to the interests of the battle of the Lord.

It would be impossible for me to tell you half of my own personal longings in connection with this special effort we have on hand,—how through the late suffering days, I have unwaveringly held on to Heaven for its unequalled and God-glorifying victory. During the weeks of warfare that have already passed, I have been with you with all the fervor of my spirit, and though the will of God has denied me the privilege of leading you in the contest of active service, you have been all the time in my heart, constantly in my thoughts, and repeatedly have I pleaded your needs before His Throne. And He has answered my petitions—giving success which already encourage the soul of every fighter, and make up a total of hundreds to be recorded as the prisoners of the Lord.

Most of my people have done valiantly and God has rewarded you with that signal mark of His favor—the salvation of those for whom you have whole-heartedly and self-sacrificingly toiled late and early. To you my message is not to rest contented with what has been already achieved. God is ready and waiting to do yet far greater things for you. Let each victory be the stepping-stone to greater triumphs.

As I rejoice with such, I feel there may be others who, while they have done their part as faithfully, have had the discouragement of adverse circumstances to battle against also—perhaps specially hard hearts to which to appeal—and have as a consequence seen little or no visible result to their endeavors, while I would remind these that you may have secured many gems for His crown,—the lustre of which will only be revealed in another world than this—I would also urge you not to be weary in your well-doing, but to hold on. No labor is lost that is done in the power of love for God and souls, and by holding on you will yet see the recompense that the Blood of Jesus and the Power of God will give. Do not let the glorious goal as regards your own endeavors fail to be reached because you give way after having bravely battled half-way towards it.

If amongst those who read these lines there are any who have as yet held back in the struggle, who have let any consideration whatever prevent them from sharing fully in the toiling that they may share in the final triumph, I would speak a word of persuasion and appeal. Sorry as I am that these weeks of possible service should have been lost so far as you are concerned—for I would not have one stand aside in this battle—I would still hasten to point you to the chance yet remaining. Seize it, use it, and you can make it cover the failures of the past with conquest.

And now, what more can I say to you my people than this,—that I am still relying upon every one of you, and to the full. Important as were the first battles of the Siege, those in which we are now engaged I feel to be even greater. So much depends upon the success of the Soldier-making effort — certainly more than can be told of. The captures of our earlier engagements will be either kept or lost through its warfare.

But we are not expecting defeat. VICTORY,—certain and glorious victory is within our reach—in our sight. Already we can discern that the goal (the day of the Enrolment) is closing the opportunities of this particular effort. Let the fighting of this final fortnight be more desperate, determined and persistent than any which has preceeded it. We must make Soldiers. The Lord needs them,—the war needs them,—the dying world needs them, and they—the as yet unenlisted—need the taking of just such a step to concentrate their endeavors and to mark them out before the world as followers of God.

Keep tight hold of the hand of God; He is our strength. How I have proved His love and tenderness during this sickness—how much stronger are the desires in my heart to love and serve Him more perfectly! Oh! to make better use of all the graces of Heaven which Calvary's pierced hands brought within our reach, and standing out upon the promises fill up the measure of our lives with service, sacrifice, battles and triumphs, manifesting to all men the virtue and power of the Blood of the Lamb!

With the blessing of God I fully expect to be at the front of the conflict in the final efforts of the Siege. Till then think of me, as depending upon you all, as

Your Affectionate Commissioner,

Evangeline Booth

Smart Pars.

By H. KREIGER, Reg. Cor., Edmonton.

Fault-finding is a great fault.

A candle burns brighter for a good trimming.

Some people always look at a cloud through a dark glass.

The man who minds his own business always has a business to mind.

He who talks much about himself, seldom knows anything else to talk about.

No tobacco in Heaven—what an awful disappointment to some Christians. (?)

God often uses our own tears to water that tender plant—love—and makes it grow.

The tempest that threatens to extinguish a fire, often fans it into a mighty blaze.

The brightest hope comes from fear; therefore, the man who fears God always has a bright hope.

That which should color the cheeks of the pale-faced, starved children, goes toward coloring the nose of a drunken father and mother.

Prayer is the life of the soul, but not when you pray for a good night's rest, so that you may be able to put in a good day's sewing the next day, in order to get your ball dress finished in time.

Territorial Tit-Bits

Scraped Together by F. E. S.

Kingston has a Juniors' Fife and Drum Band.

Have you won your souls and Soldiers for the Siege yet?

Two souls were saved at the Temple knee-drill on Sunday morning.

The Siege Enrolment takes place Thursday, April 29th, instead of the 28th.

The West Ontario Provincial Staff and City Officers have daily noon knee-drills.

Praise God! Staff-Captain Cowan, of the London Rescue Home, is improving.

Treasurer Richie, of Dartmouth, N. S., has been elected an alderman by acclamation.

A member of the Port Arthur Fire Brigade and a C. P. R. brakeman got saved recently.

Ensign Andrews, the Light Brigade man from West Ontario, has been to Toronto on business.

Remember the Junior Soldiers' Annual on Easter Sunday and Monday, April 18th and 19th.

Lieutenant Miller "has a great time" selling the Chinese Cry to the Celestials at Victoria, B. C.

Dresden's Barracks has been repaired and Essex Corps has put a fence and sidewalk around theirs.

Lisgar Band and Cadets, led by Major Howell, had a grand day at Richmond Street Corps on Sunday.

Adjutant Galt says: "Everybody kindness itself—believing for a revival; delighted with Yarmouth."

A number of College students render Captain Hewitt good assistance in his meetings at Wahpeton, N. D.

Brigadier Margetts' London Campaign resulted in nineteen persons for Salvation and fifteen for a clean heart.

The Young Soldier for March 27th and April 10th contain diagrams and instructions for the Juniors' "Action" drills.

Major and Mrs. Read and Staff-Captain Rawling had record-breaking crowds and collections at Riverside on Sunday.

Thirty-seven baby carriages were stored in the ante-rooms of the London (Ont.) Citadel at a special meeting recently.

Four hundred and eigty-eight souls and 424 Soldiers are pledged on the "Prospect form" for the Siege in West Ontario.

Mrs. Major Read, Women's Social Secretary, paid an official visit to Hamilton and London Rescue Homes last week.

Ensign Barnes, of Spokane, says things are bowling along A 1, and he feels like singing "'Tis here I would ever abide."

Colonel Jacobs and the Staff Band led the battle at Richmond Street Corps on Thursday; three knelt at the penitent-form.

The West Ontario Province "Agitator" is a pointed, practical and pungent weekly despatch from the Provincial Headquarters to the Field Officers.

Eight Grace Before Meat boxes in Headquarters offices contained over $13.00 this quarter. Bat Portage's boxes contained $18.65 and Neepawa $13.40.

Lisgar Street Corps challenges any City Corps for open-airs and marches. Seven open-air Brigades Sunday night and sixty-one in the procession is their figure.

Sergeant-Major George B. Seeds, of Riverside, has been appointed General Agent for the Trade Headquarters' Supply Department of Jubilee Tea, etc., in the city.

The Staff Band, led by Staff-Captain Minnice in the a. m., and Major Gaskin at night, specialled at Lisgar on Sunday. Several bandsmen led Junior Soldier Companies.

A Kingston man has invented an arrangement by which motor-men can run street-cars and on to switches and around curves at will, doing away with points, with the expense of points-men in big cities, and with the delay and trouble of turning points by conductors in smaller places. The invention will be patented in Canada, United States, Great Britain, France and Germany.

Winnipeg District Notes.

Ten Lassies in the Garrison — Snow Storms and Blizzards Band of Love Organized—A Brave Sieger—Major Collier Backs His District Against any in the Territory.

WINNIPEG CORPS is going ahead nicely; there is not a week without some one saved. The Officers and Soldiers are going into the SIEGE with all their might, and many are getting ready for enrolment. The Band is doing excellent, both in playing and praying.

THE GARRISON is pushing ahead, three lassie Cadets having gone to appointments and ten yet remain in the Garrison.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE is having some excellent times. A number of people have got saved lately and we are believing to make them into good Soldiers.

SELKIRK has had a hard struggle this winter, financially, on account of the majority of the men being away in the Camps, but they are coming out now and Captain Guiney is believing for better times when the Soldiers all get home.

EMERSON CIRCLE has had a big time this winter with the snow and blizzards. The Officers have been snowed up on two or three occasions, and have been very near lost, but they have pulled through. They have had several converts lately. On account of the snow the Captain could not get his soldiers together to talk up the SIEGE, so he took the "Advance Orders" and went from Brigade to Brigade, and from house to house and explained it. The Captain has had the misfortune to burn his hand while lighting a fire in the house. However, it is getting all right again, and he will be able to fight the Devil with both hands now. Lieutenant Swain is farewelling from the Circle.

MORDEN reports one soul last week and one or two for a week or so before. The Provincial Officer was there for a week-end and reports things in better condition than he has seen them for some time.

The Junior Soldier War is booming at most of the places in this district. We have started the Band of Love at Winnipeg with twenty-six members, and everything bids fair for many more and for a good work being done. Captain Mercer at Morden has started with ten members, and the Junior Soldier attendances have gone up from about a dozen to fifty-five last week. Portage La Prairie has also got the Band of Love going and has several members. Emerson starts as soon as the roads get so the children can attend the meetings. Selkirk has not yet started, but will be doing so right away, we hope.

All the Officers are getting along well, and I will back my crowd against any in the Province or the Territory for that matter, for promptness and hard work, and they are all good spiritually, so is

Yours truly,

T. H. COLLIER.

East Ontario Province.

BROCKVILLE.

Sunday night, good capture; three souls saved; more in pickle.

223 War Crys. Kendall and Bryan.

TRENTON.—A good interest in our meetings; one backslider since last report and a lot quaking.

150 War Crys. A. E. W. Coate, Capt.

REMEMBERING THE SUFFERING.

NEWPORT, VI.—A collection was taken up Sunday for the Indian Famine sufferers, one man collecting $1.00, and about two more was given in the meeting. God bless the kind friends who assisted!

115 War Crys. H. C. B.

KINGSTON.

We are still marching on to victory. Last Wednesday night we had two more souls, and on Saturday four more were saved, and a number have promised to be Soldiers. Soldiers are working well for the Siege.

615 War Crys. Captain Parker.

TWENTY AT THE CROSS.

MONREEAL III.—Major Sharp led a three-hours-at-the-Cross, when about twenty consecrated themselves to God. The SIEGE started well. Two sinners and two men for the Sunday. Friends arising to our help. Our hearts are cheered. Many are convicted. More must be saved.

132 War Crys. Capt. H. C. Banks, Lieutenant R. Grose.

ARNPRIOR.

God is giving us victory here. Everything is on the up-grade. Good crowds; good collections; deep conviction and best of all we are rejoicing over three souls won for the Master.

110 War Crys. Maggie Campbell, Reg. Cor.

CORNWALL.

Everything rising. No stagnation. Visits from Major Sharp, Ensign Kendall and Ensign Sims. A coffee supper netted thirteen dollars. The barracks was packed to the doors on the occasion of Major's visit. War Crys sold out each week, and $60 of back debt wiped out. Souls saved and enrolment of late.

179 War Crys. Capt. Walker, C. O.

OFF TO THE GARRISON.

PEMBROKE.—Sunday night the hall was packed. Candidate Campbell farewelled for the Training Home. The meeting was a very impressive one. She has the love and confidence of the Comrade warriors. The scene at the train this morning was an effective one. God bless our Comrade.

148 War Crys. B. LeDrew, Captain; M. Brokenshire, Lieutenant.

A MODEL REPORT.

MONTREAL I.—We had the commissioning of Sergeants last Thursday night, when nearly fifty bandsmen, bandswomen and Sergeants received commissions; the Timbrel Band being amongst the number; also four Sergeant-Majors, as follows: Corps, War Cry, Converts' and J. S.' Comrades will be pleased to know that Mrs. Symington (ex-Captain Botts) fills the position of Converts' Sergeant-Major. Her twelve years' experience as an Officer will be of great help to her in that capacity. Souls are getting saved right along and being made into Soldiers.

492 War Crys. B.

THE CENTRAL.

OMEMEE.—I did not take any tea Sunday night, but prayed instead for one soul to be saved. God gave us two.

70 War Crys. Capt. Hanna.

AHMIC HARBOR.—Joe says many people have had the gripp; nevertheless they are having grand times. Ensign Scobell delighted the people with his talking machine.

50 War Crys.

THE FARM COLONY.

We are glad to be able to report victory. In the last three weeks three souls have sought and found Salvation. Glory be to God! We are in for victory.

G. A. Dodd, Adjt.

TWENTY SOULS.

UXBRIDGE.—Showers are falling. Twenty souls sought Salvation in past month. Good number for Sanctification. Soldiers blessed. Attendance for past week nearly 1,200. Income rising. God is good. More to follow.

110 War Crys. V. Creamer.

TWENTY-THREE SOULS.

OWEN SOUND.—Tuesday, burning of idols, etc. Wednesday, five souls Praise God! Total for eleven days, twenty-three. Barracks packed, platform too small. Believing and praying to make them into Soldiers.—T. J. B.

148 War Crys.

ORILLIA.

We were reinforced by Ensign Scobell for a couple of days into the country one night, and had a meeting in the Methodist Church. Four souls. On Sunday we had the largest crowds since we have been here. Good offerings. Three souls. One Senior and two Juniors.

161 War Crys. Ensign Jones and wife, Lieutenant Kivall.

Riverside Straws Picked up by F.E.S.

Adjutant Moore has a rubber stamp outfit, with which he puts announcements, etc., on his War Crys.

This Corps has a League of Mercy.

A box is fastened just inside the Barracks for War Crys donated to the jail and hospital.

A piano has been hired for the Barracks played by Mrs. Adjutant Moore, which is a great help in the meetings.

A tin cartridge case is fixed up near the platform for each Soldier to enclose their offerings as frequently as they feel disposed to donate.

The Junior Soldier attendance on Sunday, the 28th March was fifty-four, divided into ten companies.

The War Cry Brigade sells all the Crys except twenty-five, which the Field Officers dispose of.

Captain Stelliker, the War Cry shipper, is one of the best boomers in the city.

ST. CATHARINES.

Just celebrated our 13th anniversary. Had a glorious week-end. Adjutant McLean led the meetings. Five souls forward. Bro. Guthrie, a converted Catholic Deacon, gave an interesting account of how he got saved. The feature of our Sunday afternoon service was "Brother" Provost (of Hamilton) and his historical sermon. Mr. Editor, you ought to get him to write it out for you so that it could adorn the front page of your valuable paper. It was a mighty effort and the preacher deserves credit. He got it, too! We wound up by regaling ourselves with music and dance—no, Boston baked beans on the Monday night. The people came along grandly. St. Catharines Corps is by no means dead. The platform is almost too small for us. We are rising.

Adjutant McLean has his place now among the long list of Salvation Army worthies in this town, and so has Bandmaster Bob Griffiths, who helped us nobly in the musical line. We haven't forgotten the Siege.—Jawj.

From the Prairies.

MORDEN, MAN.

Major Bennett gave us a four-days' visit. His meetings were well attended. Since then one soul got saved.

55 War Crys. J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

VIRDEN, MAN.

We are holding splendid meetings in the country. At a holiness meeting at Penrith, ten people testified for the first time in their lives.—Reg. Cor.

—75 War Crys. Captain Mitchell, Lieutenant Beaumont.

EDMONTON.

Captain Kemp has been hammering away at the Devil's jaw for quite a while. Her left-hand man, (Lieutenant) has been on the "shelf" with the measles, but has fully recovered.

115 War Crys. H. Kreiger, Cor.

FIFTEEN IN THE FOUNTAIN.

PORT ARTHUR.—We have started the SIEGE by getting fifteen people in the Fountain. One of them is a C. P. R. brakeman and another, one of the Port Arthur Fire Brigade.

150 War Crys. N. E. Green, Captain.

MANDAN, N. D.

People are in fear of their homes being washed away by the floods of water, but last Sunday night a sister came out to the Sin-Cleansing Fountain. Captain Habkirk led the meetings for three days.

—65 War Crys. R. S. Mitchell, Sergeant-Major.

OYSTERS AND INDIANS.

MINOT.—Another soul at the Cross last Sunday night. Had a splendid oyster supper last night, after which an address was given by Captain Foy on the work of the Salvation Army among the North American Indians.

60 War Crys. Reg. Cor.

A DOZEN STUDENTS.

WAHPETON.—Two more souls have cried for pardon. We had a visit from Adjutant Gale. Brother Lee led a Musicale, assisted by about a dozen College students, who have been a great help and blessing.

50 War Crys. Hewitt, Price, Kenmire & Co.

Newfoundland.

Indian Arm:—Last night we had four souls and a glorious wind-up. Things are going well here.—Lieutenant Pollett.

CATALINA.—Ensign McRae and Sergeant Faulkner visited our Corps and commissioned seven Sergeants. One soul Sunday night.—Captain A. G. Brown.

BRIGUS.—One soul on Sunday night, and the only sinner that remained in the hall on Monday night came to the Cross.

Sergt.-Major W. J. Whalen.

SCILLY COVE.—Three backsliders returned to God on Sunday night; the wife of one of them getting saved the following day at her home. We had a half-night-of-prayer on Thursday night.

Annie Keen, Captain.

Greenspond.

On Sunday we had forty-eight at knee-drill, and over fifty on the march, and nine sinners saved on Sunday night. The Barracks was crammed to the doors. Our Soldiers here are worthy of the name of Salvationists.—J. H. Ebsary, Ensign.

WESTERN BAY.—Numbers are losing their burden at the Cross and taking a bold stand for Jesus. Four for a clean heart and six for Salvation on Sunday, among the latter being an old man who lived nearly fifty-three years in sin.—Bessie Tilley, Captain.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND.—On Sunday afternoon we enrolled four recruits under the Yellow, Red and Blue. We held four meetings at Deer Island, when one soul was saved. The Comrades came with us part of the way home. We knelt and prayed together and parted.—E. Bruce, Captain.

TILT COVE.—The last few days have been red-letter days in the experience of the Tilt Covelites, there having been seventeen souls for conversion, and an equal number for the blessing of holiness. Six recruits have been enrolled as Soldiers, and we have sixteen more to follow.

Captain Norman.

ST. JOHN'S I.—A tidal wave of Salvation has been rolling in, for three weeks; desperate efforts have been put forth, and no less than ninety-seven names have been registered as seeking Salvation at No. 1 Corps from February 5th to March 7th. The Corps is in a good condition.

J. K. Miller, Ensign.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

PETROLEA.

Seraphatic Band two nights; wet weather; good crowds; everybody delighted; four forward for Salvation. To God be all the glory. Come again, boys, we were delighted with your music; your testimony cheered us. God bless them

155 War Crys. W. Long, Captain.

LISTOWEL.

We have welcomed our new Officers and God has set His seal on their coming by saving two souls. We get good crowds on Sunday nights and splendid attention. An unconverted man said he could listen all night and not get tired; says he is coming again. Am believing for his soul.

69 War Crys. E. M. Archer, Reg. Cor.

Items of Interest.

Mr. Gladstone, who is now in the South of France, has written to a friend in London that he has about mastered the bicycle.

A steamer on the Jordan now makes the journey from Jericho to Tiberias, i. e., from the Dead Sea along the Jordan to the Sea of Galilee, in five hours.

The Colorado State Senate has passed a bill providing for the abolition of capital punishment. The bill only awaits the Governor's signature to become law.

The Templar, of Friday, March 26th, announces in its editorial columns the splendid story entitled "A Saloon-keeper in Hell," recently published in the War Cry.

The City of Berlin, Germany, is said to be experimenting with the usual success, with the Pingree plan of permitting its unemployed to cultivate unused land in its vicinity.

The Montreal "Witness" was eulogized by some of the leading ministers of Montreal, because it refrained from publishing anything about the Fitzsimmons and Corbett prize fight.

Another agent of the British Relief Fund for the benefit of the suffering Armenians has been killed near Diarbekir, and robbed of £150. The Agent was a Gregorian priest.

While commenting upon the alleged stricken condition of Ireland, the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance points out that one brewery alone there distributed nearly £760,669 as a year's profits.

The best lights in the home are a well-kept Sabbath, a well-thumbed Bible, a daily family altar, and a sweet neighborliness. Christ will abide in such a home, and good men and women will come out of it.

Less than ten years ago Sims Reeves, the greatest English tenor of the century, got $2,500 for a single appearance on the concert platform in London. He has recently lost the great fortune he accumulated on the stage by foolish speculation, and in attempting to support his son-in-law who was on the stock exchange. His appearance in the bankruptcy court is said to have been a pathetic spectacle, as he felt his position acutely, and showed that in money matters he was simple as a child. How little are riches worthy of the confidence so frequently reposed in them.

Several of the Boston lines of steamers have been making trials with varying success of the invention known as the Aurophone, which is used for determining the location of sound at sea, more especially the whistles of approaching steamers and so on. One steamer was able to locate the sound of almost any fog signal very accurately, while the officers of another vessel say that they could not do much more than they could with their own ears. When the machine can be made to work well, it will be an invaluable aid to navigation, especially along dangerous coast lines.

Sister Watkins, Indian Arm, Nfld.

After several weeks' illness, Sister Watkins has gone from time into eternity. She has been a faithful warrior for ten years, and when asked if she was ready to go, said "Yes, yes, and waiting for the chariot to lower to take me."

CHARLES POLLETT, Lieut.

—:o:—

Mrs. P. Sumerton, Montreal II.

Our Comrade was one of the first converts at Heart's Content. She was a hard-working Soldier and a means of great blessing to the Comrades, both in her native land and Canada. For some time she acted in the capacity of Grace Before Meat Box Agent. Major Sharp conducted the funeral ceremony, and the Band and Soldiers of Montreal I. The people along the route came out in large numbers, and we trust an impression was made for God and eternity. A husband and little boy are left to mourn.

T. A. MAGEE, Adjt.

—:o:—

Mrs. J. E. Bowering, Bay Roberts.

The subject of this report is an old lady, Mrs. J. E. Bowering, the mother of Captains James and Robert Bowering, and is well-known by a great many of our Officers, both Field and Staff. For seventy-one years she battled against the many difficulties of life, but on March 2nd the chariot lowered for her, and here her to the hand where death and sickness never come. Although she was not a Soldier her wish was to be buried under the Army flag. On Friday, the 5th, we gave her a proper Army funeral, and although a storm raged a good number of people turned out. As we gathered around the grave we promised God we would more than ever be in earnest about the living, and raised our hands and sang, "I'll fight for the Lord everywhere, for the terrible need I can see." She leaves a husband and a large family, most of whom are Officers and Soldiers in the Army.

J. GOSLING, Captain.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

ST. JOHN V.

The Siege of the Lost has been taken up by our Soldiers. On Sunday night, Sergeant-Major Collins farewelled for a few months. All were sorry to see him leave; his faithfulness, whole-heartedness, and genuineness has won for him a place in the hearts of the people.

140 War Crys. Capt. Penny.

BRIDGEWATER.

The result of the SIEGE is satisfactory. We had a visit from Adjutant Creighton and Captain Thompson, and a number of other Officers. Two souls. The fire is still spreading; five souls knelt at the Cross since—some of the most unlikely cases in town.

—125 War Crys. Captain Ryan and Lieutenant McPherson.

BERMUDA.

At HAMILTON four sinners came to the Fountain on Sunday night. A large number of us, with the Baby Band, went by wheel to St. George's on Monday and had a glorious time. Five claimed pardon at SOUTHAMPTON lately. Warwick people still come to the Cross. The SIEGE is in working order, and grand results expected. War Crys selling well.

500 War Crys. A. G., Reg. Cor.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Two weeks' meetings have been good. Comrades more united than ever for God and souls. The SIEGE is on and we have had victories. Ensign at Summerside for a week, resting, so she said, but—. Last Sunday's meetings at Winsloe were enlivened by violin, cornet and banjo. May every Comrade be willing and eager to use every talent and so help towards united as well as individual victory. Major Pogmire and Staff-Captain Gage will be here on the 27th. They may have a cold time crossing on the Stanley or by the Capes, but we will try and make it hot for them on arrival.

380 War Crys. H.

YARMOUTH, N. S.

We have given the new Officers—Adjutant Galt and Captain Brehaut a welcome which I think has made them feel at home. The Juniors were to the front and did their part well, being in charge of the worthy Auxiliary, Miss Crosby, singing a welcome song composed for the special occasion. Brother Smith also did well with his special song of welcome and love for those who lead on God's Army. The meetings are well attended. A number of souls have been out for Salvation and some wanderers came home in the special wanderers' meeting, and a few have sought full Salvation. The new Captain sells as many as 150 War Crys in a day, and altogether things are looking prosperous for victory.

385 War Crys. Rex.

Alderman Richie Plays the Drum at Dartmouth, N.S.

A SIGHT SELDOM SEEN AT LUNENBURG—DESPERATE DOINGS IN THE HALIFAX DISTRICT BY THE D. O., ADJUTANT CREIGHTON.

After visiting and looking closely into the affairs of each Corps in the District, I have to report a general advance for February.

At Lunenburg, crowds and order were very good; new faces on the platform, etc. Captain Allan and Lieutenants Selig and Winchester seized the opportunity and prepared a sale of work, doing most of it themselves. Rumor says its equal has not been seen in Lunenburg. Friends bought freely, good returns, girls happy.

Bridgewater, under Captain Ryan and Lieutenant McPherson, is moving ahead. The Officers of the three Corps met here for Council and assisted by Captain Thompson, of Dartmouth, who accompanied me. Two men sought Salvation, a Soldier was enrolled, and five blood and fire Local Officers were commissioned.

The work in Liverpool has been hindered and made hard for Captain Boggs and Lieutenant Davis by a few boys, who have disturbed the meetings. However, the public generally are favorable, especially a few true and tried friends. Souls are being saved, who are taking the platform. Many young men attended our meetings. Oh! if only they were saved and fighting as Soldiers!

Dartmouth Officers and Soldiers rallied and cleared all liabilities up to date. Seventy dollars extra in one month is an eye-opener. These people take an interest in their Officers and Corps. God bless them! Several souls have been saved lately, amongst them two young men who came forward on the night of the commissioning of the Local Officers. Treasurer Richie is still on deck, only

He is Alderman Richie now,

having been elected by acclamation. Nevertheless, he is on hand to take the drum, or do any other duty necessary for the extention of the war. Captain Thompson and wife are alright, and in the right place.

How do! ENSIGN Wright! Congratulations, sir! Halifax II. should blossom now. Sickness has tied things up a bit lately. The three Officers and many of the Soldiers have been laid aside. Lieutenant Jackson is a hustler, and the War Cry sales are very noticeably increased since she came to hand. Local Officers have been appointed, and the sky is brighter now. A few good captures have been made.

Home at last—Halifax I. The indomitable "Mac" of War Cry fame, greets me with: Six souls, good collections and fifteen Local Officers already to be commissioned. Two young men came out since, and with Local Officers, Band, War Cry, private and special meetings, we are "right at it." Quite a little army of recruits surround us and there is a stir as to who will get the Sergeant-Major's stripes during the SIEGE. Hallelujah! Yours and life in the War and under the Flag.—D. L. Creighton, D. O.

Valuable Pointers for Big Go's.

The following is at least indispensible to a successful meeting, viz., That it be

(a) Made well-known.
(b) Advertized in such a way as to be of interest to those who know about it.
(c) He well prayed over by Officers and Soldiers.
(d) It be begun on time.
(e) That seats and platform be so arranged that every one can see and hear the leader with ease.
(f) That good order be maintained throughout.
(g) That arrangements be made ahead as to taking up the collection in quickest and best way.
(h) That fishers and collectors be selected and instructed beforehand as to what part of the building they shall work.—Brigadier Margetts in "Agitator."

The boy who knows his face is clean, because he washed it yesterday, is father to the man whose assurance of salvation rests solely upon his recollection of having been converted forty years ago.

GLORIOUS DOINGS IN EAST ONTARIO.

Major Gaskin Leads a Four Days' Campaign at Kingston, assisted by the String and Fife and Drum Bands - 36 for Salvation and 19 for Holiness Band of Love Demonstration — 90 Souls at the Cross Throughout the Province.

KINGSTON has been the scene of one of the most remarkable campaigns it has ever been my privilege to take part in, and none but those who were there can form any adequate idea of what has been accomplished. The bills announced that MAJOR GASKIN was coming, and that MAJOR SHARP, with his Staff, would assist. Perhaps I am justified in saying that we hardly expected so much, and yet what other results could we have looked for? The GENERAL SECRETARY'S reputation had reached this city, and when the first battle commenced on the Saturday night, it was evident we were in for a big time. A good introductory meeting prepared the way for what followed. Knee-drill was one of blessing, and every one of the forty-eight who were there went away not only blessed, but with their

Faith up to Boiling Point.

A good crowd came to the holiness meeting, and after we had listened to the General Secretary's address, we went into the prayer meeting, and finished up with eight for Salvation and holiness. The afternoon brought an increased number of people. Everybody was free, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the meeting. The Major's anecdotes brought down the house. The Provincial String Band played magnificently, and it would have done your soul good to have seen the look on Major Sharp's face as he turned to the General Secretary and said, "Beat that in Toronto if you can." A well-fought prayer meeting and another soul came to the Mercy Seat. Night about 800 present. Interest increasing. A look of earnestness and desperation on the faces of Officers and Soldiers showed they meant business. As the meeting progressed it was easy to see that the spirit of conviction was working. As the General Secretary talked, backed up by the Holy Ghost, the audience drank in the truth. The prayer meeting was taken hold of by Major Sharp, and although a little stiff at first, the break soon came. The fishers worked hard and did well. We finished up at

11:15 p.m. with Thirteen Souls

seeking salvation. Total for the day, 15 for Salvation, and seven for Holiness. A good beginning. The Campaign was continued on Monday, and one of the first things we heard was that another soul who had been in the meeting on Sunday night, had got saved before going to bed. Over 200 people had assembled at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A powerful time and 7 souls. Night was a Band of Love Demonstration. The children acquitted themselves excellently, and made a most favorable impression. If you want to read a full report get the Young Soldier. This meeting was so well handled that everything done was calculated to reach the hearts of the unsaved. Seven more souls as a result came to God and cried for mercy. It seemed now a question as to what was coming next. Tuesday morning an inspiring talk to the Officers who had come in for the Monday and Tuesday, followed by another remarkable meeting in the afternoon. There were over 150 present, and five souls came out. Night was Major Gaskin's final meeting. We went in with mighty faith for a great time.

Another Glorious Victory was Won,

and five more souls claimed Salvation. Wednesday night a half-night of prayer was to be conducted by Brigadier Officer. We all felt very tired, as we had been hard at it until nearly midnight for three nights; nevertheless, here we were, face to face with over 200 people who had come to get in touch with God. Song and testimony followed each other, then some very definite heart talks from a few Officers, followed by the Major taking up his Bible and pouring out straight and powerful words of truth. We went on our knees, and when we finished up at 12.30, there were eight souls who had sought and found Salvation, and Holiness. The total results of this brief Campaign are: 36 for Salvation and 19 for Holiness of heart. We give God the glory and go on to accomplish greater things. We cannot speak too highly of the way in which the Soldiers have rallied up and done their best. When they have felt tired, they have stuck at it as long as ever there was any chance of a poor soul wanting to find Jesus. God bless them! The finances have been splendid, and Kingston has had a thorough rousing. Adjutant Coombs (Montreal I.) an old Officer, has been here assisting. The String Band was of great assistance. The Corps Band turned up well and did good service. The Band of Love

Drum and Fife Band

made its first appearance outside on the Saturday night, and caused a bit of a stir.

Kingston is not the only place moving. Captain Bowering, of Tweed, writes: "In our meeting to-night, only four unsaved, but all got saved before we got through." That's splendid. They have totalled 12 for Salvation for the week.

Peterboro reports six souls on Sunday; Napanee, four; Picton, four; Gananoque, five; Ottawa, four; Montreal I., four; Brockville, three, and Trenton, one. We have no particulars from these Corps, but they are signs of the times. God is working down this way, and the SIEGE is going to be a big success.

R. HARGRAVE.

Sam Sorter & Co's Mill.

To Song writers: Ease off; we have stacks of songs of all kinds—good and bad, excepting extra smart holiness songs.

Leonard Tyler, the Lisbon veteran, whose life story was in a recent issue, has become a yearly subscriber to the Cry.

Use plenty of paper; don't cramp your writing and try to get a hundred words into a piece of paper no larger than a postage stamp.

OLD TIMER, Minot, N. D.—Your report was too late. See one in this issue by some one else. Confer with the Regular writer when you feel inspired and want to write again.

We cannot accept Corps reports from others than the Field Officers or Correspondents. Other people—soldiers or friends—should get their reports certified by the Captain.

Regular Correspondents:—Don't forget that the limit of length for your reports is three words for every ten Crys the Corps receives; and even then we're not bound to accept reports that have nothing of interest in them.

Long 'un: Don't preach. Get your truths into flesh and blood and tell us about the individuals. Abstract truths don't catch on. We want to see the things walking about. Imitate Jesus. He painted word pictures; do ditto.

Sam gets tired some days re-writing so many reports, and says you will receive his blessing if you write in ink, on one side of the paper, and remember that you should be particular when you write for the best paper in the world (in Sam's opinion) and put in every word necessary to complete a sentence, and leave out every superfluous word and sentence.

South Strifely, Quebec.

Dear Commissioner: Enclosed you will find five dollars to help on the work, wishing it was more, but I have got four little ones to support and I am clearing us up a little home out of the forest, and as there isn't any Army short of thirty-two miles away, I thought I would send it to you to be used to His glory. We thank God for your inspiring words through the War Cry. All that we know of the Army is through the dear old Cry, and we get much blessing and encouragement in reading it through—sometimes twice over.

Little six-year-old Bessie's, G. B. M. box hasn't been opened for some time; I didn't know what was best to do, so I told her I would open it and send it to you. They talk a lot of the hungry little children.

We are saved and trusting our Saviour alone to keep us. God bless you!

From your Comrades in Christ,
MR. and MRS. WM. P. DIMICK.

P. S.: $1.05 is the amount in the G. B. M. Box. I send one dollar and close up the box.

In the absence of God the Holy Ghost, Christian service becomes a toil, and ends in failure and mortification, but under the life-giving and law-giving Spirit of God, sorrow itself is turned into joy."—Captain Torpin.

ZIEBARTH

Again at the Tree-Top.

WHO'LL CHALLENGE HER?

Cannot Capt. Johnson, of Hamilton, Bermuda, Snatch the Laurels From the Butte Captain? Try!

GO AHEAD, CAPTAIN HILL!

Lassies to the Front once Again Mrs. Adjt. Ayre and Ensign S. Smith at a Race—Rossland Forever—What will Captains Brehaut and French Say?

*CAPT. ZIEBARTH, BUTTE	270
CAPT. JOHNSTON, HAMILTON, Ber.	200
CAPT. HILL, PICTON	180
*MRS. LAW, VICTORIA	170
SERGT. J. McQUEEN, MONCTON	160
ENSIGN S. SMITH, ANACONDA	150
CAPT. BREHAUT, YARMOUTH	150
*MRS. ADJT. AYRE, ROSSLAND, B. C.	150
*Capt. French, Ottawa	148
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	140
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Brantford	120
Capt. Lott, Sudbury	117
Lieut. Latimer, Montreal I.	111
Carrie McQueen, Windsor, Ont.	110
Mrs. Medlock, Richmond Street	110
Sergt. Mrs. Colliver, Spokane	107
Alice Henderson, Ottawa	105
Lieut. Miller, Victoria	100
Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	100
Sergt. Mrs. Billows, Spokane	100
Capt. Healey, Brantford	100
Adjt. Desbrisay, Hamilton, Ber.	95
*Capt. Baxter, Jamestown	95
Lieut Randall, St. Stephen (av. 2 w.)	94
Jenenie Bless, Cornwall	91
Ensign Ogilvie, St. Alban's	90
Capt. Long, Petrolea	90
*Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver	90
*Capt. Moffat, Vancouver	90
Capt. Bryan, Brockville (av. 2 w.)	89
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Dartmouth	87
Mrs. Capt. Wymp, Collingwood	81
Lieut. Hickey, Westville	80
Sergt. Mrs. Law, New Glasgow	70
Capt. Canee, Renfrew	70
Capt. Michell, Virden	65
Sergt. Terry, Lindsay	65
*Lieut. Heater, Norwich	65
Mrs. Capt. Coate, Trenton	64
Lieut. Young, Stellarton	64
Ensign Jones, Orillia	63
Alice Langell, Nanaimo	62
Capt. McKay, Calgary	62
Lieut. McLeod, Picton, N. S.	61
*May Woods, Paris	61
Lieut. Miller, St John V.	61
Capt. Wilson, Kemptville	60
Lieut. Dales, Sault Ste. Marie	59
Sis. A. Vance, Port Hope	57
Capt. Huntingdon, Palmerston (av. 2 weeks)	57
Ens. Kendall, Brockville (av. 2 w.)	57
Ens. Mrs. Crichton, St. Stephen (av. 2 weeks)	55
Capt. Ryan, Bridgewater	55
Lieut. Gurzke, Ingersoll	51
Sis. Mrs. Thompson, Napanee	50
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	50
Capt. Norman, Newport, Vt.	50
Lieut. O'Neil, Newport, Vt.	50
Capt. Wheelan, Wallaceburg	50
Lieut. Young, Stellarton	50
Lieut. Stainforth, St. Albans	50
Ensign Broadbelt, Calgary	50
Capt. Fisher, Goderich	49
Capt. Lester, Anaconda	48
Sister Love, Seaforth	47
Capt. Staiger, Nanaimo	47
Lieut. Hollett, Wallaceburg	45
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	45
Sergt. Gamble, Summerside	45
Mrs. Barber, Kingston (av. 2 weeks)	44
Capt. McCutcheon, Windsor, Ont.	44
Lieut. McEachern, Windsor, N. S.	43
*Capt. Bradbury, Picton	43
Capt. Ollis, Yorkville	42
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	42
Lieut. Dales, Sault Ste. Marie	42
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, New Glasgow	41
Cussie Vails, Hamilton, Ber.	41
Annie Woodard, Brantford	40
*Mrs. Osmond, Ottawa	40
Mrs. Adjt. Myles, Petrolea	40
Mrs. Gilmore, Simcoe	40
Sergt. Abbott, Goderich	40
*Bro. Wallace, Rossland, B. C.	40
Lieut. Kivall, Orillia	39
Lieut. Paxton, Yorkville	39
Sergt. Ably, Spokane	38
Lieut. Beaumont, Virden	38
Sergt. Moore, Halifax I.	36
Cadet McLeod, Bear River	36
Ethel Smith, Guelph	36
Jimmie Sample, Stellarton	35
Sergt. Mrs. Collins, St. John V.	35
*Mrs. Moore, Victoria	35
Mrs. Gilmore, Simcoe	35
Capt. Lorimer, Moncton (av. 2 w.)	35
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	34
Jessie McLennan, Orillia	33
Lieut. Grose, Napanee	32
Bro. Mathie, Cornwall	32
*Capt. Slater, Stroud	32
Emma Carpenter, Petrolea	32
Ed. Gibbons, Riverside	30
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Simons, Kingston (av. 2 weeks)	30
Alice Goodwin, Kingston	30
Capt. Coate, Trenton	29
Mrs. Smith, Guelph	29
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	27
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Drayton	27
Mrs. Smith, Moncton (av. 2 w.)	27
Adjt. Moore, Riverside	26
Eliza Kent, Bear River	26
Mr. Countryman, Kingston	26
Cadet Vandaw, Renfrew	26
Maud Crocker, Stratford	26
Auntie No. 1., New Glasgow	25
Converts Sergt-Major Collins, Halifax I.	25
Florrie Awalt, Halifax I.	25
Capt. Wakefield, Guelph	25
Laura Held, Halifax I.	25
Sergt. Armstrong, Seaforth	25
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	25
Sister Goodrich, Jamestown	25
Maud Rundle, Butte	25
Sergt. Strong, Minot	25
E. Michiel, Barrie (av. 2 wks.)	24
Mrs. Bone, Barrie (av. 2 weeks)	24
Capt. Banks, Napanee	24
Sister Gullison, Minot	24
Capt. Foy, Minot	24
Capt. McDonald, Simcoe (av. 2 weeks)	24
Tom Whipple, Vancouver	23
S. Barclay, Barrie (av. 2 weeks)	22
Lieut. Greenfield, Minot	22
Ethel Smith, Guelph	20
J. S. S.-M. Sinclair, New Glasgow	20
Robert Pearce, Cornwall	20
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal I.	20
Elsie Roof, Moncton	20

—:o:—

Notable Notes and Topics.

I really do admire the plucky grit of that Butte Captain. What miles she must travel to sell those 270 "Crys!" All honor to her! Captain Johnson, of Bermuda, should really put on a bit more energy and steam, for just so sure as Salvation is good, so confident I feel that Bermuda ought to take the top place.

Picton is not a very big place, it is true, but just leave Captain Hill to fight its "Cry" battles. She can do it, too! What a noise in the camp if she defeats both Ziebarth and Johnson!!!

I have had to capitalize no less than eight names this week. Perhaps I can cheer them up by a little poetical trial:

Brave ZIEBARTH, of Butte's ore city,
And JOHNSON, of Bermuda, too;
HILL, of Picton and LAW of Victoria,
And Moncton's J. McQUEEN so true.
Jesus bless them in their labor and toil!
(Repeat.)

Sing the above to the tune of "Why not come to Him now?"

Then the three 100 sellers can make up some poetry to suit themselves. They have made a noble stand and fought a good fight. Hurrah for these Roomers! Mrs. Bateman, of Stratford, is aiming high, and sure as you're there she'll hit something. She can do it, too!

Then Mrs. Dowell, Captain Lott, Lieutenant Latimer, Carrie McQueen, Mrs. Medlock, Sergt. Mrs. Collier, Alice Henderson, Lieut. Miller, Fred Bell, Sergt. Mrs. Billows, Captain Healey, all deserve a word of praise. They are the noble ONE HUNDREDS. Bless them!

Has Captain Baxter's light really gone out? No, it cannot be. Cannot this dear F. O. manage to get into the 200 list? I should think so. Try, my hearty! Then Jenie Bless ought to rise higher. She has the energy and capacity to do so. Captain Ben Bryan, too, has dropped out of the hundred. This is too bad! The Law at New Glasgow will have to materially improve to beat the Law at Victoria.—Ensign Josh Jones, at Orillia, is rising. The "time of the singing of birds has come." Bless God for the "starry" names! Here is a list of those who bombard the devil in his thriving business places: Captain Slater; Captain Ziebarth; Mrs. Law, (Victoria); Mrs. Ayre; Captain French; Captain Baxter; Adjutant Mrs. Phillips; Captain Moffatt; Lieutenant Heater; May Woods; Captain Bradbury; Mrs. Osmond; Brother Wallace, and Mrs. Moore. Do you ask where they all live? Then look above very carefully, and you will see. Heaven bless all the hotel and saloon boomers!

Will all who report "Cry" sales kindly send names in every week. DON'T, DON'T, DON'T send two weeks' sales together. It is very bad policy indeed. Kingston, please take the hint! Moncton do likewise, for this is just why Mrs. Crossman's name is left out of the above list. Brockville is guilty on this line as well. Captain Johnson, of Bermuda, forgot to state the number sold by George Pickering. This is too bad. Here is a note from Captain S——. It is well worth perusing. It comes from a small place near Barrie:

"Dear War Cry:

"It meant something for me to plod through the wet snow and slush to sell you last week, yet I did it because I love you and hate to see you in the house idle. I took you to the hotel and sold you. There, will you give me a star?"

"P. S.—Walked fourteen miles with the Crys. Much sickness around here. I want you to pray for me, as I don't feel too well myself. Two funerals yesterday in this small place, one Mr. Chantler, one of our best friends."

Ensign Kerr has sent Captain French's photo. The latter Officer is a good "Cry" Boomer, and she takes great pleasure in visiting the hotels. I should like other Officers to send along some photos. Why don't they do it?

Here's a breeze from Captain M. J. Me——: "I have sent in names several times of late and they have not appeared in the 'Cry' at all." What a wail!!

Dear Captain: You had better blame the Post-Master General, for ALL the Editor has received have gone in.

Now for another wail from Captain W. Me——. Really, the Macs seem to be wailing people! "Say, sir, don't you give us any more 'digs' in the 'Cry' about not sending our 'Cry' sales—we have been doing so right along. The fault lies at your own door. Be careful, PRY!"

Now, dear Mac, you wrote this on a card dated March 23rd, and you have actually thereon given the record of two weeks' sales together. You know this is not right. Please send a list every week, and don't 'dig' at the Editor any more.

Guelph has just started a "Cry" brigade in connection with the Siege. Good hit that, Captain Wakefield!

Captain Ella Comstock, of Huntingdon, says every War Cry is good, but the one containing the Declaration of War was beautiful beyond expression. For two months Captain Comstock has been selling seventy War Crys per week on the streets and in the saloons.

PRY.

"Say, Miss, why didn't you bring me my War Cry last week?"

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

MILES CITY, MONT.

The ice has scarcely ever been broken here yet; it's frozen terribly hard. Lord, send a thaw! Good open-air. We find ourselves two strong, but expect to have company soon.

100 War Crys. Captain Keeney, Lieutenant Stone.

LEWISTON, IDAHO.

We are glad to report victory. Since last heard from the devil has been routed, while the SIEGE has gone on apace. Soldiers determined, sinners convicted, devil shaking. Six souls for first week. Hallelujah!—Captain.

100 War Crys. Captain H. Marris, Lieutenant E. Juhlin.

NELSON, B. C.

Three knelt at the Cross on Sunday. The people of Nelson have big hearts, and are going to make blood and fire Soldiers, as they are interested about their souls' salvation. The Barracks is too small for the crowds, many being turned away on Sunday night. Some people brought blocks of wood and sat in the aisle.—George Dixon.

50 War Crys. Captain Quant, Lieutenant Ziebarth.

THE ARMY'S "PATTI."

HELENA, MONT.—We had a swearing in of Local Officers Thursday, and it's Sergeant-Major Muntz, Color-Sergeants Hollen and Hohman, and War Cry Sergeant Mrs. Payne, if you please. After that we had coffee and cake. My, how the folks did eat!—$15.00, clean up. That's not bad, is it? But best of all was Friday, when we were charmed by a visit from the Army's "Patti"—Captain Corlett. Four souls.

25 War Crys. Rogers, Reg. Cor.

There are 1,250,000 square miles of Canadian Territory yet unexploited.

COMING EVENTS.

W. C. P. SIEGE TOURS.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS will visit: St. Thomas, April 17th, 18th; London, 19th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN TURNER will visit: Clinton, April 9th; Goderich, 10th, 11th; Windsor, 16th; Chatham, 17th, 18th; London, 19th.

MAJOR READ

conducts soul-saving and soul-blessing meetings as follows: Brewery, April 8th; (Lantern Service) 10th and 11th; Yorkville, 15th; Lantern Service.

ADJT. HAY'S APPOINTMENTS.

Uxbridge, 9th, 10th, 11th; Richmond Street, 12th, 13th; Dovercourt, 14th.

ADJUTANT PEASE will conduct special meetings for Soldiers and Christians as follows: (Tuesdays and Fridays) Dovercourt, April 13th and 16th; Riverside, 20th and 23rd; Bowery, 27th and 30th; Lippincott, May 4th and 7th; Yorkville, 11th and 14th; Richmond Street, 18th and 21st.

SERAPHATIC'S TOUR IN THE W. C. PROVINCE.

Blenheim, April 8th; Ridgetown, 9th; Bothwell, 10th, 11th; Wardsville, 12th; Newbury, 13th; Glencoe, 14th; Aylmer, 15th, 16th; St. Thomas, 17th, 18th; London, 19th.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit: Montreal, April 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th; Kemptville, 13th; Ottawa, 14th, 15th; Arnprior, 16th, 17th, 18th; Pembroke, 19th; Renfrew, 20th; Perth, 21st, 22nd, 23rd; Tweed, 26th; Campbellford, 27th, 28th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN J. W. ANREWS (with Lantern) will visit Duart, April 9th; Ridgetown, 10th, 11th; Blenheim, 17th, 18th; Glenwood, 19th; Leamington, 20th; Harrow, 21st; Amherstburg, 22nd; Windsor, 23rd; Essex, 24th, 25th; Staples, 26th; Comber, 27th.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN A. PERRY (with Lantern) will visit Charlottetown, 8th, 12th; Winslow Road, 9th; Summerside, 10th, 11th.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN S. SCOBELL, (with Talking Machine) will visit St. Catharines, 6th, 7th, 8th; Oakville, 9th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN F. McKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit: Casselton, 8th, 9th; Bismarck, 10th, 11th, 12th; Mandan, 13th, 14th; Jamestown, 15th, 16th; Valley City, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th; Minot, 21st, 22nd, 23rd.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

ENSIGN J. BARR, (with Lantern) will visit Kalispell, April 9th, 10th, 11th; Great Falls, 12th, 13th, 14th; Helena, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th; Bozeman, 20th, 21st, 22nd.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

God Working at the Toronto Working Men's Hotel.

A. P. started to drink twenty years ago; has been a "respectable" sinner; could drink like a fish, and like a fish could slip out of the hands of the law, for he never once arrived behind the prison bars. At one time he was a commercial traveller and a book-keeper for six years, but lost these good positions through an over-strong desire for that which turned his head and feet the wrong way. But at last he found his Saviour able to deliver him from the power of strong drink, and He has kept him for over five years, and to-day he is cook at the "good old Lifeboat."

C. S. has known the taste of the beverage for over forty years. He held the position as Captain in the United States regular army for two years, but through drink was tried by Court Martial and expelled. He then took up his trade as a florist, which he held up for some time, but eventually it all went down his throat and disappeared, robbing him of home comforts, positions, friends and money, bringing him down to one of the lowest stratas of society.

We hold three meetings every week, at which we have real good times; almost every week some one is converted. Our attendance is good. If you have $5 to spare, we have lots of use for it, so please send it along.

Fancy, they have put the news of my conversion in the War Cry! Well, thank God ten thousand times for that Siege of the Lost. I am going to be enrolled now, sure.

[OUR SERIAL.]

THE LIFE OF

EDWARD TRICKETT,

OBCE

The World's Champion Sculler,

NOW

A Blood-and-Fire Salvationist.

(Continued.)

After a very trying voyage we arrived at Boston and immediately trained off to New York. New York is very interesting, albeit a very Godless place. I was particularly struck with the laxity with which the Sabbath Day was observed, unconverted and worldly as I was at the time. After a few days here we went to Philadelphia, but found we were too late for the races, so we decided to take the next boat from San Francisco to Australia, which was leaving in a few days.

On our voyage to Australia we had a very narrow escape of foundering on some sunken rocks. I felt thankful to God at the time and have felt doubly so since I've got saved and had my eyes opened to the dreadful consequences of

Dying Unconverted.

However, we safely steamed past the Sydney Heads about five a. m., on the 9th of November, 1876. I shall never forget it. It was a lovely morning, and thousands of people lined the shore—they had been watching out all night; and several steamers had been out to sea, to see if the vessel I was on could be sighted. As it happened, we arrived on the Prince of Wales' birthday, and a grand regatta was taking place, the flagship being moored right opposite my house.

There had been wonderful excitement at Sydney—and I may say all over Australia—on account of my victory on the Thames and the people had determined to give me a hearty reception.

I, of course, knew nothing of this until my arrival at Honolulu, where I got hold of some Australian papers, which contained news respecting the wonderful excitement that prevailed, also that the Sydney people were raising a testimonial in my favor and expected to get £3,000. I thought, however, that by the time I got home that would have all died away. That it had not

The People on the Shore

gave abundant evidence.

A committee of influential citizens had been formed to organize a grand reception and welcome, so that, as soon as our ship fired a gun, signifying that the mails had arrived, a steam launch, containing a number of gentlemen, came out to the ship to formally welcome me and tell me that a public welcome home had been arranged in my honor, at half-past seven p. m., when they wished me to be on board, so that they might bring me ashore publicly, and give a reception which, as they put it, should be befitting my great achievement and the honor I had brought my country.

This little ceremony being over, I went to my home to see my wife and children, who I was longing to see after my nine months' absence from them. I found them fairly well, and had a very enjoyable day with them, after which I returned to the mail-boat and awaited events.

The committee arrived prompt to time, and then in the Captain's gig, and with great state, I was rowed to the Princess Steps, where

An Enormous Crowd had Gathered,

and a carriage, drawn by four grays, stood in readiness to convey me to the hotel in which I was to be welcomed.

The crowd was a tremendous one—as dense as it could possibly be; while the excitement was really terrific. In my wildest flights of fancy, re my homecoming, I never contemplated such an enthusiastic reception as I had. The crowd surged and shouted like people beside themselves.

When I entered the carriage the word to drive on was given, but so dense was the crowd that the horses could not move; so, in a jiffy, the horses were unhitched, and their places taken by a score of men, and I was dragged in triumph through the town.

With great difficulty I got from the carriage to the hotel, but once inside I was conducted to a large retair room, where sat the Mayor of Sydney in the chair (and other municipal big-wigs) to congratulate me and all sorts of well-wishes, etc., for my welfare. I verily believe that if the Prince of Wales had arrived he could not have received greater honour than I did at that time.

And what for? Simply because I possessed greater powers of endurance and greater skill in propelling a boat through the waters than any other man. I myself verily thought I was a great man, but I now see—

Thanks be to Almighty God—

that it was all trifling, all vanity, and, as I found out afterwards, vexation of spirit.

However, while all this was going on inside, the people were roaring themselves hoarse outside, and clamoring for me to come and speak to them. I did so, and was greeted with a lot more cheering, after which I was allowed to go home, for which I was very glad. It was an awful ordeal to go through.

I should like the reader to take notice of this home-coming, as by-and-bye I shall describe another, and the reader will then be able to see

How the World

treats its own.

The testimonial did not bring in as much as was expected; still, there was a decent sum, and Sir John Robertson, with a great deal of ceremony, on board the flagship, and on behalf of the citizens of Sydney, presented me with a cheque for £880, which I received and expressed my gratitude for.

Having got this money, the next question was what to do with it. Some advised me to take an hotel; others to invest it in something solid, and to continue my work in the quarry as before.

At last I made up my mind to take an hotel, which I now think was the beginning of all the troubles that subsequently befel me.

As soon as it became known that I wanted an hotel I was besieged on all hands by unscrupulous agents, one of whom persuaded me to take an hotel and deposit £50 on it. This I did, and repented of my action next day, and thereby lost my £50.

At last I satisfied myself, and took premises which let me in for four or five hundred pounds to fit up, but it was a good business stroke, and Trickett's Hotel became the hotel of the town, and for a time I did well.

There is

Very Little Peace,

however, for the worldling, and I soon found that to win the championship was one thing, and to keep it was another.

It wasn't very long before I was challenged by a man, named Rush—an Australian—to row him for the championship, and, of course, I had to accept his challenge.

I may say that in connection with this challenge I was subjected to some very dirty treatment. The trainer that accompanied me to England was so incensed at my taking an hotel—he also kept an hotel—that he became my sworn enemy, and my boat that I rowed in England, coming out in his name, the same night that I accepted the challenge of Rush, was given by Punch, the trainer, to my opponent.

The agreements were drawn up by a well-known firm of solicitors. A M. L. A. was elected referee, and things seemed all fair and square, the stakes being placed with the

Mayor of Sydney.

The date fixed on allowed me eight weeks for training. To accept such a challenge was no small undertaking. To begin with, there were the stakes—£200 aside—to be deposited; then I had to purchase a new boat, £25, then a trainer to pay £3 a week, beside his expenses, and me £5 a week for our board and lodging, so that it will be seen there was considerable money involved in an undertaking like this, to say nothing of the physical and mental strain and worry.

As time passed on the excitement grew. I engaged a Mr. Williams as my trainer. He had previously—as I think I have mentioned—been my partner in many a hardly-won race. We understood one another and

Loved One Another,

so that we got on well together.

It is no joke to take to training after a long spell of idleness. At the beginning of my training I felt as sore in every part of my body as if I had been beaten with a heavy stick. I had a lot to do to get myself into form, for I was a stone above weight, and I had to work very hard to get my muscles up and my flesh down. What pains people will take about the outer man, which, with the strongest, will last only a few years, and totally neglect the soul, which will live for ever. For it is a fact I never once thought

About My Soul,

while my mode of training was as follows:

As soon as I rose in the morning I struck about five hundred blows straight out from the shoulder with a pair of seven-pound dumb-bells, without stopping, increasing the number every day, until I could strike two thousand blows in twenty minutes and three thousand blows in thirty minutes. Then, without stopping, strike three hundred blows straight overhead, then a rub down with a rough towel. Next into flannels and ran four miles round the paddock. This followed by a shower-bath, and another rub down, and then a breakfast, which the foregoing exertions fully qualified me for.

At nine o'clock, off for a five-mile walk, then back to the boat-shed, get into the boat, row gently to the top of the course and then to dash back, pulling as if

For Dear Life,

rowing, in all, about seven miles. Another shower-bath and a rub down and a walk home to dinner at one o'clock. At two o'clock, off for a long walk—say, fifteen miles. Back to tea at six. At seven o'clock, out again for another ten-mile walk. Home at nine or half-past and to bed at ten.

This regime I kept up nearly the whole time, and, as a consequence, wonderfully improved in condition.

(To be continued).

Grandma Deering's Foretaste

"HOW IS SHE THIS EVENING?" asked the neighbor who had run in the back way, with a shawl over her head.

"She's been restless all day," Mary Deering replied. "To tell the truth, she's gathered from our looks and something which the doctor said that we don't expect her to get better, and she's mortally afraid to die. I can't understand it, either, such a Christian as she's always been; but she has worried and grieved until she's all unstrung."

"Poor old soul. I expect it's just the physical part she dreads," replied the neighbors sympathetically. "We all dread death more or less, I fancy, though few of us are so well prepared to go as she is. Asleep, is she?"

"Yes, she dropped off a few minutes ago."

The two women stole softly into the bedroom and stood by the bedside. An aged face, seamed deeply with a network of carelines, lay upon the snowy pillow. The breeze from the opened window surged softly a lock of snowy hair upon her forehead, and her wrinkled hands were folded upon her sunken breast. The old face, which had been beautiful in its time, wore a troubled look, and the moisture of a tear still lingered upon the cheek. The evening breeze wafted in a sound of song:

"They'll sing their welcome home to me,
They'll sing their welcome home to me.
The angels will stand on the hallelujah strand
And sing me a welcome home."

The old lady's lips quivered, and she moved a little, as if the strains disturbed her.

"O, those people do distress me so with their noise and overlasting singing," whispered Mary Deering, impatiently. "I would close the window, but she must have air."

"It's the Salvation Army, isn't it?"

"Yes. They've just rented the hall across the way."

"Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home.
O, the angels will stand on the hallelujah strand
And sing me a welcome home."

The troubled lines on the aged face were soothing out as her inner consciousness seemed to absorb the cheering strain and the two stood and watched her in wonder.

"It seems almost as if she understood what they were singing," whispered the neighbor, as a peaceful look stole over the sleeping face.

"She is dreaming, I think," returned the daughter, softly. They watched her in silence. Gently, as the sunbeams steal across the morning landscape, the reflection of the glorious vision within threw its beams of joy and hope over the aged mother's face. At last she awoke and looked into the awed faces beside her with a look of bewilderment. Then a sobbing cry broke from her trembling lips. "Am I still here? I thought I had got home."

"You've been dreaming, mother," said Mary, gently smoothing back the stray white lock with a tender hand. "The singing over at the hall disturbed you."

"O no, it didn't disturb me, Mary," the mother replied with eagerness; "such singing as I've heard couldn't disturb any one. I was just on the brink of a river, Mary, and over the other shore there was such a throng waiting for me. Your father was there, stretching out his arms to greet me, with little Neille and Bennie beside him. O, I can't tell you how glorious they looked, Mary, and so natural. I knew them among all the throng of old friends and neighbors who were there. There was another one, too, whom I have longed to see—my Saviour—coming down to the very brink of the river to meet me," she continued, tears of rapture stealing down her aged face at the remembrance; "and such music, songs of rejoicing and welcome. O, Mary, I shall never dread death any more."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Mary, fervently, and as she bent to kiss the beaming old face, her own wet with tears,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Seem soft as downy pillows are."

quoted the neighbor softly. "God will surely give abundant dying grace to one who has had living grace so long as you have, Grandma Deering."

"I know it, dear, but I hadn't sensed it before. I've always had a dreadful fear of dying, but it's all gone now. Praise God, I can hardly wait for His summons."

A few more peaceful, painless days, and grandma lay one morning upon her pillow, one withered hand tucked under her her head, and her aged face beaming with a holy smile of rapture. Mary stole in softly to see if she was awake. Her heart bounded with alarm at the sight of that joyous smile, and she hastened to touch the hand that lay outside upon the counterpane. It had been cold for hours. "She's had her welcome home," murmured Mary through her tears, "and I can never be thankful enough that she had the foretaste of this, her first day in heaven."

At the funeral, a quiet, serene-faced girl in Salvation Army uniform stepped to the side of the open grave and sang the "Welcome Home" song.

People looked on in wonder and said to each other that it was strange and irregular, but the song comforted Mary as no studied eulogy or solemn funeral hymn could have done, and the neighbor and the Captain who sang understood.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

It is a foolish thing to put off seeking the Lord until the body is racked with pain, and the mind weakened by disease.

The Field Commissioner is a Soldier at Yorkville.

* * * *

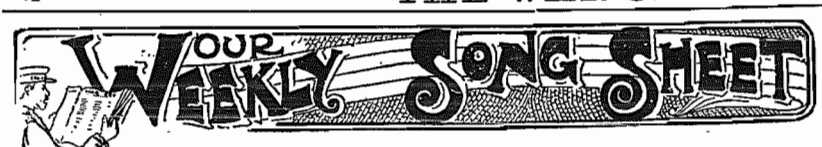
The man who sits on a limb and saws it off is a Solomon compared to the one who thinks he can sin without having to suffer.—Ram's Horn.

* * * *

That's one of the things which makes death-beds so terrible—because its bomb-shell on bomb-shell of revelations to where the soul stands in spiritual things.—Field Commissioner on the "don't know" man.

* * * *

A SALVATIONIST backslid, and for a number of years lived in sin. She went to the penitent-form in the church sixteen or seventeen times trying to get right so she could come home and live a Christian life; but before she could get the victory she had to come to the Army penitent-form. She could not get saved until she came to the place where she laid down the Cross.



All of Thee.

1 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered—
"All of self and none of Thee."

Yet He found me—I beheld Him
Bleeding on the cursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly—
"Some of self and some of Thee."

Day by day, His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered—
"Less of self and more of thee."

Higher than the highest Heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea;
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
Grant me now my spirit's longings,
"None of self and all of Thee."

—:o:—

Beneath the Shadow of the Cross.

Tune.—The Blood of Jesus Cleanses White as Snow, B. J., 19.

2 Some people say our Army band
Is nothing but a fraud;
But on we go to rescue souls,
We bring them to the Blood.
We're trusting in our King,
We know we're sure to win,
We fight beneath the shadow of the cross.

Chorus.

We're fighting, 'neath the shadow of the Cross, praise the Lord!
We're fighting 'neath the shadow of the Cross, praise the Lord!
With Christ we're sure to win,
And conquer hell and sin,
We're fighting 'neath the shadow of the Cross.

Our hearts are right, our lives are bright,
We march to Canaan's land;
We soon shall join the Army there,
A grand and joyous band.
And now, 'tho sceptics frown,
And try to pull us down,
There's refuge 'neath the shadow of the Cross.

So, Comrades dear, be of good cheer,
We're bound to win the day;
Our Lord has promised grace enough,
He'll lead us in the fray.
Then when our race is run,
We'll hear the glad "Well done,"
And die beneath the shadow of the Cross.

—:o:—

You Can His Glory Share.

Tune.—Arise, my soul, arise.

3 Come, sinner, seek His face!
His voice you long have heard.
No more reject His grace,
But trust His sacred Word.
Turn to the Saviour crucified,
And join with all the sanctified.

Nothing that I have done
Can gain an entrance there;
'Tis through the Blood alone
I shall His glory share.
It was for me the Saviour died,
And now I feel the Blood applied.

O, Jesus, come again!
I long to see Thy face,
To hear Thee say "Well done,
Come up, thou child of grace."
O, then, my Saviour, I shall see,
And praise Him through eternity.

S. A. COMPLIN.

—:o:—

Another Offer.

Tune.—Turn to the Lord, B. B., 45; B. J., 77.

4 Come, poor sinners, Christ has suffered,
You from every sin to free;
Life eternal now is offered,
Through His death upon the tree.

Chorus.

Turn to the Lord, etc.

He will give you consolation
If from sin you will abstain;
Now repent, and seek salvation,
O, prepare with Him to reign.

If you feel your sins a burden,
If you be with griefs oppressed.—
You may now find peace and pardon;
Christ invites you to His breast.

Can you sight the invitation?
Crucify your Lord again?
Now repent and seek Salvation,
O prepare with Him to reign.

Return, Backslider, Return!

Tunes.—Stand up for Jesus, B. J., 23; Greenland's Icy Mountains; Sweet Rest in Heaven, B. J., 174.

(Jer. iii., 2.)

5 "Return! Return!" backslider,
Thy Father calls to thee;
His voice is sadly sounding
Afar o'er land and sea.
The world's entrancing music
May echo all areund;
But ears which once have heard Him
Will know the blessed sound.

"Return! Return!" backslider,
Thy Saviour calls to thee;
And where thy footprints wander,
He follows patiently.
His heart is yearning—yearning
To tell thee out His love,
To let thee know its sweetness
Down here, as up above.

"Return! Return!" backslider,
The Spirit calls to thee!
Amidst earth's many voices,
He speaks untiringly.
The world may speak of beauty,
Of pleasure, and of love;
May dazzle with its brilliance.—
He whispers, "Look above!"

"Return! Return!" backslider,
Its mirth will soon be o'er;
And love but breaks its heart upon
The fairest earthly shore.
And still, with wistful yearning—
Across the Jasper Sea,
The voice of God is calling,
"Return! Return to Me!"

M. MARRIOTT, Toronto.

—:o:—

The Army Red and Blue.

Tune.—Army Red and Blue; or Poor Old Dad.

6 My heart was very heavy, for my
children cried for bread,
I wept to see the little ones go supperless to bed;
I listened for a footstep as I'd often done before,
Waiting for a staggering man to stumble through the door.

Chorus.

But his step was firm and steady,
His eye was clear and true,
And on his ragged coat he wore
The Army Red and Blue.

He came and stood beside me, and stooped and kissed my face,
Where tears but lately wiped away had left a burning trace;
And as my arms embraced his neck, sweet home came back anew,
For on his ragged coat I saw the Army Red and Blue.

We knelt down by the bedside where the children lay asleep,
And prayed the Lord to give him strength his new-made vows to keep;
And to my lifted eyes arose a bow of promise true.
A bow that reach'd my darkened sky, 'twas the Army Red and Blue.

BUSINESS FOR GOD.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF OUR MONTHLIES:

"All the World," per year	$1.00
"The Conqueror," "	1.00
"The Musical Salvationist," per year	1.00
"The Officer," (for officers only) "	80
"The Deliverer," "	50

DON'T FORGET

that those MUSICAL CLOCKS that you have heard talked about so much, have arrived. They are beauties and quite good because they only play SAVED TUNES. A tune EVERY HOUR, just to remind you of Jesus and Heaven. You can't help but shout "Glory!" when you hear the beautiful strains of "Trusting Thee Ever," or "Grace there is," peal forth from these Time Keepers and Messengers of Peace. They are worth the price:

Single Tunes	$4.00
Double Tunes	4.50

Get your P. O. to show you one.

EVERYBODY ELSE KNOWS

that it is exceeding difficult to get a blue dye that will stand in the hot weather. We have taken particular pains to get something that

WILL NOT FADE.

We absolutely guarantee the goods below for FASTNESS OF COLOR and WEARING QUALITY. We will give you satisfaction or return the money, and we are prepared to stand by what we say. Every Corps has the samples. Terms, Cash.

Goods	Per Yard.	Ladies' Ulsters.	Suits.	Tunics.	Pants.
G. B.	$2.55	$22.00	$16.00	$10.50	$5 50
184	3.10	24.50	18.50	12.25	6 25
86	4.00	26.00	20.00	13.00	7.00
234	4.00	26.00	20.00	13.00	7.00

The above Ulsters include Uniform Cape.

Trimming for Staff Officers.

For Ensign's Suit	$2.50
" Tunic	1.50
" Pants	1.00
Adjutant's and Staff Captain's Suits	3.50
" " Tunic	2.00
" " Pants	1.50

Frock Suits, for Majors and upwards, at Special Prices.

BUT KNOW

that we have received another consignment of

Those Splendid Bagster Bibles

bound in Dark Red Grain and bearing S. A. Crest. It is a good thing. Besides the usual references, maps, etc., it contains COLORED PLATES, illustrating dress and customs of High Priests and Jewish rites, etc. Similar Bibles are sold at $7. The price to you is $3.50.

ORDER NOW! C

LIGHT BRIGADE.

By MAJOR READ.

Look! Lady Sarah Sladen, of England, is quite a model village Soldier. She visits and prays in the saloons, sells two dozen "War Cry" (besides other papers) weekly, is Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major, G. B. M. AGENT, and an Envoy. Her daughter assists her. Both wear full uniform. How is that, ye Canadian G. B. M. Agents?

New York National Headquarters has got up a fine little button badge for their Local Agents.—Yarmouth has done fairly well, having got $7.51 for the last quarter, while brave little Clark's Harbor even beats that at $7.59. Freeport was not had at $5.02. God speed all these Eastern comrades! They are a noble crew!—Mrs. A. Stanwood, of Yarmouth, has collected $5 on her Social League card and has taken another. May she fill it!—Brother F. Moore, of Bermuda, has written for a box. He wants to do something in this line.—Sergeant Mrs. Mosley, of Lindsay, writes: "I will, with God's help, try to do my duty in seeing after the G. B. M. Boxes. . . . I'll try and forward the scheme."—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Dimnick live in an out-of-the-way place called South Stukeley, P. Q. In a letter to us they say: "Little six-year-old Bessie's box has not been opened for some time. . . . Our children talk a lot of the hungry little ones." Bessie's box contained $1.65.—Some of the P. A.'s are writing thus: "What am I going to have to help me out in the summer? It is too light for lanterns, etc., etc." To all such the reply is: "Wait, meekly wait and murmur not."—L. A.'s Downey and Vance, of Kingston and Sunbury, have done well of late.—Ensign Sims had a good day on a recent Sunday. Four souls were saved and he saw four at Sunbury finishing up at 11 o'clock dancing happy. The P. A. enjoyed the dance. Five new Agents appointed at Kingston, by name, Mrs. Countryman, Mrs. Simons, Mrs. Pollett, Lizzie Jones, Lizzie Converay and Miss Ransier, of Portsmouth. Also Mrs. Dulmage, of Odessa, has joined the ranks of the Locals. God bless and prosper them all.—L. A. Maicey, of Amherstburg, has sent for six more boxes. She says: "The more I work at it the more I like it." Mrs. Cole has just taken the Agency of North Bay, and has charge of twenty boxes.—Huntsville seems behind in G. B. M. matters. Pull up, my Comrades!—Ensign Barr, of the Pacific Province, is now well under way, being on a long tour lasting till the middle of May. Success to him!—Ensign Scobell did well with the T. M. at Alpnite Harbor, taking in $17.65. Not at all bad, eh?—Plucky little Parkersville has sent more box money to the tune of $1.44. Hurrah for dear Brother Jacobs!—S. Durrant and Richard Tremain have been given agencies at Listowell; Fred Roll ditto at Palmerston, and Stephen Stanson, the brave holder-on of Walkerton, has charge of the boxes there. For four years he stuck to his post, although there were no Officers. Such a spirit ought to pinch the claims of Lazarus.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.